

OVER 550,000 COPIES
SOLD EVERY WEEK

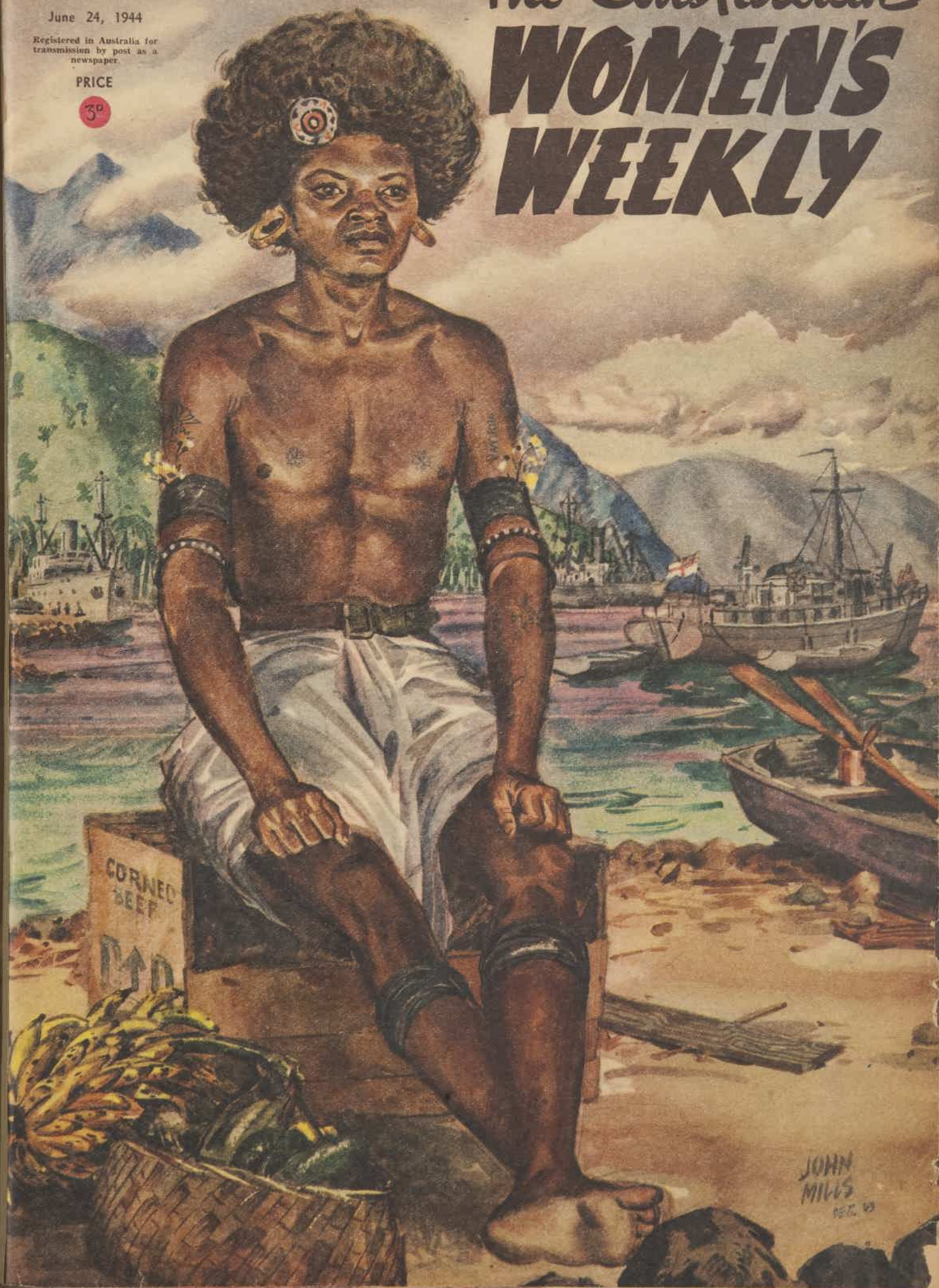
June 24, 1944

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

3^d

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



JOHN
MILLS
1944

A TIME FOR TACT

WYNNE W
DAVIES

By
STANLEY JACKSON

THE members of the Savants' Club were relaxing after a reasonably good dinner. The chef had contrived a menu which gave an illusion of pre-war plenty without prodding the conscience of the members, among whom were several Cabinet Ministers.

But if some of the dishes were pared by austerity standards there was nothing "ersatz" about the quality of the talk. The Savants puffed on their Havanas and caressed their brandy glasses with appreciative hands.

"Well, Charles, is there another best-seller on the stocks?" demanded Coutts, the explorer, with a genial smile.

Charles Sutton nodded, and little lines of fun edged his grey eyes. "A Secret Service thriller," he said comfortably. "Hollywood has made me an offer."

"What's it all about? Beautiful blondes and clean-cut heroes who nail the Nazis in the last chapter?" teased Coutts. But the novelist did not rise to the bait. He shot a glance at a lean, grey-haired man in the corner. Sir James Wharton, of Naval Intelligence.

"Wharton would undoubtedly shoot me down in flames the moment I opened my mouth," said Sutton with a laugh.

"Not at all," grunted the man from the Admiralty. "But I do think these Secret Service yarns are usu-

ally a bit mechanical. The bits all fit so perfectly like a child's jigsaw puzzle."

He drew on his excellent Havana. "From my experience all manner of odd things go to the catching of a spy. And luck often plays a bigger part than brilliant deduction." His eyes were half-closed, and the Savants edged closer, eager for an anecdote.

But Wharton was not in a chatty mood. His mind's eye strayed back to the deck of a motor-torpedo boat which was threading through enemy minefields off the French coast. Impudently ignoring the shells from the shore batteries, it kept following doggedly on the heels of an enemy cruiser, until it led our destroyers in to the final, swooping attack.

It was a good night's work, but a certain branch of the Admiralty was more interested in a survivor's wallet than in the destruction of the cruiser. The German had been picked up with a few other half-drowned men by one of our destroyers. He was searched, and the papers in his wallet handed to an official when the little flotilla put in at a south coast port a few hours later.

There was no glamor or high-speed thrill about the business; in fact, it looked like pure red-tape at first sight. The official thumbed through the papers in the wallet and did not appear to be particularly interested. A few banknotes in Spanish, French, and German currency—several private letters of no importance—a number of business cards.

It was one of the latter that the official sealed in an envelope and despatched to London after consulting a bulky ledger labelled "Trading with the Enemy." It was the latest edition of the Black List of business firms in neutral territories. The New World Development Co. did not appear to be on the list, and the naval official decided to send the business card up to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, just in case.

Wharton of Naval Intelligence did not come into the picture for several months, by which time the military authorities on both sides of the Atlantic had learned a good deal about the New World Development Co. The company advanced money to hard-up plantation owners and ranchers throughout Brazil.

Its magnificent suite of offices in the Paseo de la Rioja was the most modern in Rio, a symphony in chromium, with dapper Brazilian salesmen and solid-looking directors on the board.

One could not send a posse of flat-footed policemen bursting into that block of offices. Inquiries were discreet but thorough.

It soon appeared that the New World Development Co. was particularly interested in coastal strips which might form safe anchorage for smuggler craft or more dangerous vessels. There were ugly stories told of the company's salesmen plying the peons with bowls of heady "chica" and buying up mortgages at easy prices.

At that time the Brazilian Government was still "neutral," and could be pardoned for moving cautiously, even though a German named Dietrich was known to be behind the company. But the official attitude changed overnight when several natives were stopped at the frontier of French Guiana after crossing the jungle strip. One of them had a short-wave radio transmitter concealed under the blanket covering his mule.

Inquiries were started at once, and the spy was found to be owner of a piece of ground rented him by the New World Development Co. Almost at the same time Herr Dietrich was proved to be on very close terms indeed with the Nazi Consul in Rio de Janeiro.

The day Brazil declared war on the Axis a raid was made on the palatial offices in the Paseo de la Rioja, and the books removed for scrutiny. There could be little doubt that the real business of the company was to buy up lonely coastal sites into which U-boats could sneak for shelter and refuelling.

Code messages were flashed to Washington and London. Federal agents swarmed into Rio to col-

"Silence! I do not hear another word," Manuel shouted, striking the German.

laborate with the Brazilian police, and Sir James Wharton thought the matter urgent enough to book a place on the Clipper from Lisbon.

Dietrich had seen the red light in time. Descriptions were flashed across the continent, but all trace of him was lost. He was swallowed up in Latin America with a thousand friends to choose from for sanctuary. And then he did a stupid thing, just as he had made his final plans to cross into Mexico. He paid for a meal in Panama with one of the banknotes which he had removed from the safe in the company's office. The numbers had been circulated by the police in all States neighboring Brazil.

While he was waiting for his change the cashier phoned the police. Dietrich sat at his table waiting impatiently. He was a thickly built man of middle age with a heavy chin and small, red-rimmed eyes. Suspicion must have twitched in his brain, for he wasn't in the restaurant when the police arrived.

The ten-mile Panama Zone was tooth-combed by Civilian Intelligence, but he could not be found.

COLONEL MACEY,

of U.S. Canal Defence, sat in his office and pressed a dozen buttons in as many seconds, with a huge cross-section chart of Central America spread before him on the desk. If this spy was as clever as he seemed to be he would know that Panama was too hot for any comfort. If necessary, a house-to-house search would be made. No, he would make a dash for freedom.

Every frontier patrol was warned and alert, and his one hope was to hide aboard some ship heading south. Five of the buttons on his desk brought five stations of Interceptor Command out on patrol.

Grant Williams, Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps, was just hopping into a P-40 fighter when another pilot stroled across the runway. They chatted for a few minutes.

"You don't say!" whistled Williams.

"What's cooking?" called Jim Paley, his co-pilot and navigator, pulling on his goggles.

"Just a murder in Panama," laughed Williams. In a matter of seconds Albrook Field was sliding dizzily away and they were flying low over the Caribbean.

"We're looking for a Fritz agent,

Jim," shouted the pilot. "If you see a boat that looks suspicious we'll go down and challenge. O.K.?"

They had covered many miles of sea and sky and were already thinking of turning back when Paley thought he had spotted a dark speck on the white, moonlit water. The P-40 banked and dived, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Must have been a ripple," said Paley.

Williams was frowning. "I guess we ought to land and take a look-see," he muttered. "Maybe that ripple you saw might have heard our engines and made a landfall until we'd moved on. We can spend the night down there and make a few inquiries at daybreak."

They landed bumpily and Paley look round and shook his head. "I know this country," he grunted.

Manuel was strumming a guitar when the German walked into the shack. He was dark with glittering feverish eyes. His linen trousers were starched with dirt, and he wore the rope-soled shoes of a peasant. He had tried to grow coffee, but the fall in prices had ruined him. Now he was hoping to make a fortune out of cotton, but the platinum mines were drawing his best laborers.

He was left with a bare half-dozen peons who grumbled all the time for better wages. So he listened to the waves or strummed his guitar and dreamed of making a fortune. Once a month he drove into Barranquilla and went to the pictures. The last time they were showing a Consuelo Garcia film, and he had sat through the show twice. He put down his guitar and bowed politely to the German.

"Good evening, señor," he said pleasantly. "You must forgive my appearance. I do not have many visitors."

Dietrich gave him a hard stare and looked about him cautiously.

"I am on a fishing holiday," he said in careful Castilian Spanish. "I noticed the light from your house and hoped you might be able to provide me with gasoline."

Manuel bowed again. "I hope you will accept the hospitality of my humble home," he said.

"Muchas gracias," said Dietrich, a little stiffly. He wondered if the fellow was drunk or a little mad, which was not surprising in such a desolate place.

Please turn to page 28



STAMP ON THE SQUANDER BUG!

Keep up your war savings. Keep down the Squander Bug with 5/- National Savings Stamps, 6d. War Savings Stamps or War Savings Certificates. That's the way to put your savings on service, and to help the boys in the forces.

Buy 6d. War Savings Stamps, War Savings Certificates, OR 5/- National Savings Stamps.

KEEP UP YOUR WAR SAVINGS

AL.A. 37

SWEET DISORDER

By
JO DE GRAAF

It wasn't funny having a strained wrist, thought Pen, not funny at all. Very inconvenient, and it kept you away from your work. After all, you couldn't draw aeroplane plans with a strained wrist.

On the other hand, it did give you a chance of seeing a lot of Mike without feeling guilty. It gave you a chance to look nice all the time. It gave you a chance to consolidate with Mike, and though perhaps it would be more proper to pretend you didn't mind at all about him, still it wasn't practical.

So a strained wrist, though painful, had its points.

She was doing her hair preparatory to meeting Mike and dining with him, when the telephone rang. She stopped for a moment to contemplate her reflection in the mirror, before she reached out for the telephone by her bed. Yes, by and large, she thought, war or no war, her hair didn't look so bad. It looked as if she spent pounds on it, instead of doing it herself. And Mike liked girls to be expensive.

He had said to her one day: "Pen, my pretty, I'm thankful you live in a decent service flat, instead of going Bohemian and picturesque." That was after she had taken him down to see Helen, in Chelsea. Helen hadn't liked him. She had said he was bogus—idiotic of Helen. And probably it was because Mike had so very plainly not admired Helen.



The insistent telephone broke in on her thoughts, and she picked it up impatiently.

It was Helen, Helen sounding all-in and distracted.

"Listen, Pen," said Helen. "I've just had a telegram from home, and my brother is reported missing. I've got to go at once. Mother has broken down. You know how she's been since Dad died. And now this. Look, Pen, you've got to rally round. Thank heaven you're on sick leave. I've got Jerry here, flat on his back with one of his worst doses of malaria, and someone must stand by. Can you come right down and take over?"

"I can't," said Pen impulsively, seeing her dinner with Mike go whistling down the wind. You couldn't fool about with dates with Mike. You simply couldn't. A sick despair rose in her.

"What do you mean?" said Helen incredulously. "What on earth do you mean, Pen? Why can't you?"

You couldn't say to anyone in such a ghastly position as Helen:

"I can't. I've got a date with a boy friend. It's the kind of date that means life and death." Because Helen, who was loyal and generous, wouldn't find it possible to believe that anyone could behave like that. It wasn't possible, anyway.

With an odd sense of burning her boats, Pen said: "Of course I can, Helen. I don't know what I was saying. I'll be with you in an hour. Oh, Helen, my dear, I'm so terribly sorry."

So that was that. The only thing to do was to ring Mike at his club and explain. It probably wouldn't matter to Mike much. There were plenty of people only too willing to make a last-minute engagement with him. Mike was a coming man. Everyone said so. He was brilliant at propaganda, and it was only the fact that he was completely tied up in a reserved job that kept him out of the Army. She set her teeth and dialled firmly, and after a time Mike came to the telephone.

"Darling," he said, "what's all this. You ought to be on your way to meet me."

"Oh, Mike," she said, "I'm sorry, but I can't come."

"What do you mean, you can't come?" he said. "You've got a dinner engagement with me. Don't be silly."

"But I can't," she said miserably. "The most awful thing has happened. Helen's brother has been reported missing, and Helen has to go at once to her mother, and Jerry—you know, Helen's husband—is down with malaria, and I've got to take over for her."

"Well, my dear child," said Mike, "you can still dine. It's absurd not to. Another two hours won't make any difference."

He sounded cold and irritated, and she had a moment's swift resentment. But it was swamped the next minute in a rush of unhappiness and a sick disappointment.

"I can't, Mike—Helen is nearly distracted. And Jerry is awfully bad when he gets these bouts. Oh, Mike, I'm sorry. But I'll just have to pack a bag and rush off to Chelsea. I'm so very sorry. You'll find someone else."

He laughed curtly. "Thanks, darling, for the compliment. Well—go to it. Au revoir."

The receiver clicked down at the other end, and she sat for a while staring blankly at the wall. Somehow she had never imagined it would be as bad as this. Because this was the end of everything. The end of Mike. He had been horrible about it. Horrible, and callous, and selfish. Though she still loved him, it wasn't so good to love someone who was like that. She began to pack a suitcase.

She thought of Mike all the time she was doing it. Remembered meeting him for the first time. It had been at Marion's birthday party. He was a colleague of Marion's husband, and Marion had said: "Pen, this is Mike Flynn. You'll like him. Everyone does." And Mike had grinned at her and said: "I think Marion must have said that on purpose to make you detest me. One always detests people who are introduced like that."

But he hadn't meant it, she thought bitterly, he hadn't meant it. He knew that everyone fell for him. He knew it only too well.

All that evening he had stayed by her side. He had said: "I love hair like yours. So smooth and shining. And I love brown eyes, when they are deep brown like yours. And I haven't seen a dimple for years."

That evening had been sheer enchantment. She had fallen straight into love. Headlong.

Marion had been pleased: "I'm thrilled to death about you and Mike," she said. "You'll be good for him. He wants someone like you, someone cool and detached. The other girls simply go crazy about him. You'll not crawl to him. Darling, the way people have crawled to that young man!"

But I did crawl, too, thought Pen, bitterly. I did in reality, even though I pretended to be cool and detached. I ran my life the way I knew he wanted my life run. I kept this flat on even though I couldn't really afford it, because it was the sort of flat of which he approved. I stopped seeing so much of Helen because he did not like Helen. And to-night for one instant I was prepared to behave like a perfect cad to Helen, simply for the sake of dining with Mike. Well, that's that. And now I can see it clearly. I've got to start making sense. It's going to hurt like fury, and it has got to be done.

She glanced round. Everything was ready. Suitcase packed. Room tidy. The only thing to do now was to get a taxi, because she couldn't face buses and buses with a strained wrist and a suitcase to be carted along.

Please turn to
page 4

"I suppose I look awful,"
Pen murmured, her lids still
drooping sleepily.



Continuing . . . Sweet Disorder

from page 3

SHE picked up the suitcase, and just then the flat bell rang. She carried the case with her as she went to open the door, and found Mike standing there. Half of her was filled with a sense of happiness. He did care. He cared enough to come and argue with her. The other half was dismay.

"If you must be so fantastically good Samaritan," said Mike sourly, "you probably need a taxi. I've brought you one. Give me that suitcase and come along."

She made an enormous effort not to say ecstatically: "Oh, Mike, how awfully nice of you!" and said instead: "Thanks, Mike. It's a great help. I was wondering whether I'd be able to get one."

He raised one eyebrow and said: "Well—I don't suppose it would do any harm if you stopped for a noggin on the way. I've got some news that may interest you."

Just one noggin, she thought wildly, just a few more minutes with Mike. Surely she could take that, surely. But there was Helen waiting. Helen distracted with anxiety—and having to catch a train out to her mother. No, it wasn't possible to keep her even those few minutes. It wasn't fair.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, and to her dismay her voice shook slightly. "It isn't possible, Helen has to catch a train."

He shrugged slightly and took the suitcase.

"All right, my ministering angel," he said, "let's get going."

It was perfectly understandable, thought Pen gloomily, but Helen's house was more muddled than usual. The big living-room with its shabby armchairs, and white-washed walls, looked madly untidy. There were the remains of a meal on the table, and an enormous unframed picture leaning against the wall. Mike looked at it with distaste while Pen said a hectic good-bye to Helen and listened to a dozen last-minute instructions.

"Jerry's asleep just now," said Helen at the last, "so let him sleep as long as possible, and don't let him refuse to take that stuff. He makes an awful fuss. Good-bye, Pen, and thanks—I'll telephone tomorrow."

Mike said casually, "I've kept the taxi waiting. I'll see you to the station."

"No thanks," said Helen abruptly, "I'd rather be by myself."

Pen flushed. She knew Helen and she knew just how Helen was feeling. When you're horribly unhappy, you'd rather be alone than with a comparative stranger. But Mike wouldn't know that, and it had sounded horribly rude.

"All right," said Mike imperturbably, "then I'll tell the cabbie where to go, and settle up with him."

He picked up Helen's shabby suitcase and carried it out of the room.

After a while Mike came back into the room and said abruptly: "I think it's extremely unlikely that you'll find anything to eat in this establishment. Or anything washed up, or anything at all."

"Don't be a pig," said Pen suddenly and irritably. "Don't be a smug pig. Helen has all she can cope with. Nowadays you can't get anyone to come in and work in the house, and Jerry is always ill, and Helen has to do her job and paint, and look after him and make money. How do you think she can also keep a house properly and—"

Just then a bell tinkled from upstairs, and Mike said: "I rather think that must be Jerry. Didn't Helen say he would ring his little bell as soon as he woke? Do you know that bloke strikes me as being just a bit on the spilt side."

"You're absolutely foul," said Pen and rushed out of the room.

Upstairs she found Jerry lying in a tumbled bed with eyes that were too bright, and his dark hair falling into his eyes. He sat up as she came in and then fell back on his

pillows with an expression of despair.

"Has Helen really gone?" he said. "I'm afraid so," said Penelope.

He closed his eyes and said: "Why on earth she had to go, I don't know." His teeth began to chatter violently and Pen said: "I'll get your medicine, Jerry."

"Can't stand the stuff, leave me alone."

Vague memories of other people talking about Jerry and Helen began to filter into Pen's mind, while she poured the medicine out. People who said that Helen was a weak idiot, and that Jerry was a good-looking, peevish no-good. It was disloyal even to think it. Jerry was ill, and Helen had had an awful shock.

She took the medicine over to Jerry and said firmly: "Don't be an idiot. Drink it."

"Not on any account," said Jerry, keeping his eyes shut and flinging out an arm that knocked the glass out of her hand. It fell and broke with a tinkling, maddening sound.

She set her teeth and walked out of the room and down the stairs. Mike was in the sitting-room. He had been tidying up apparently, because it looked much better.

He looked at her and said: "Tiresome time with the patient, nurse?"

Pen looked at him for a moment and burst into tears.

"Hunger," he said laconically.

"It's not," she sobbed. "It's you. I detest you. And Jerry won't take his medicine."

"Won't he?" said Mike pensively. "I'll go up and have a look at him."

"No, don't," said Pen, "he doesn't like you. It is likely to make him worse."

"I don't like him," observed Mike, "but I don't let it worry me. Sit down and stay put while I go up and cope with Jerry."

Oh, well, thought Pen hopelessly, nothing much mattered.

She slumped into a chair and sat there until Mike reappeared.

"He's taken his medicine," said Mike grimly, "and now he wants some warm milk."

"I'll see to it," said Pen, and sat upright.

HE looked at her for a moment, his grey eyes looking green and unfriendly.

"All right," he said, "I'll be getting along. Good-night, Pen."

He made her a funny little salute and walked out of the door. She remembered when he had gone that there had been something he had wanted to tell her, and he had gone without saying anything more about it. She made a queer, unhappy grimace, and got up and went along to the kitchen. It was worse than she had imagined possible. She found some milk, and heated it, and took it up to Jerry. He regarded her with an unfriendly eye, but his teeth had stopped chattering, and the bed was tidy.

"It's absurd about Helen," he said. "There wasn't any need for her to go rushing off like that. I'm sorry about her brother, but it doesn't help for her to rush off."

Pen looked at him coldly. "Look, here, Jerry," she said, "I'm not going to discuss Helen with you. I'm not going to discuss anything. Have your milk."

He said: "The place is a pigsty. Helen never does a thing in it."

"Then why don't you?" said Pen in a clear, angry voice. "You're not ill all the time, and you haven't a job, and you've got total exemption because of your malaria, and why Helen puts up with you at all I don't know. If you can't do anything else you could keep the house clean while Helen keeps you."

When she had said it she was filled with compunction. After all it wasn't any business of hers, and it was a beastly thing to have said.

Jerry closed his eyes and looked contemptuously resigned. Pen put the milk by his side and stalked out of the room.

Now, she thought, I've not only lost Mike, but I've ruined my friendship with Helen, because Jerry will tell her what I've said, and it will hurt her unbearably. I've made a muddle and I've just been useless.

Downstairs she tackled the kitchen, washing up endless dirty dishes, washing out dish-cloths,

scouring pans with one hand and fearful difficulty. By the time she finished it was almost morning, and she felt light-headed with tiredness, but absolutely unable to go to bed. She made tea for herself and some toast, and lit the gas fire in the living-room.

There was no sound from Jerry upstairs, but she went up to him, remembering that Helen had said he was supposed to have more medicine. He was fast asleep, and she knew enough about malaria to realise that the fever had gone. He looked ill, but normal. It wasn't worth waking him up, she thought, and went downstairs again.

She sat down and had her tea and toast. She thought she must have knocked her strained wrist somehow, because it was aching a good deal more than usual. But now she did feel sleepy, so sleepy and tired that she couldn't make the effort to go and lie on the divan in the corner. Her head drooped and she fell asleep in the armchair.

She was still fast asleep like that when Mike climbed in through the window at nine o'clock.

Mike stood looking at her for a moment, and then a funny little smile flickered across his lips, and stayed in his eyes. "Little idiot," he said under his breath. Then he shook her shoulder gently, and she made a snuggling movement and muttered: "It's too early."

He shook her again and said: "Pen—wake up. It's Mike."

"Mike," she muttered, "Mike?" And then it penetrated into her sleepy head and she sat bolt upright. "Mike," she said incredulously.

"Yes, it's me," said Mike. "Just wait a minute while I let Redgold in."

"Redgold?" she echoed and rubbed her eyes.

"What a little object you look," said Mike. "You look as if you ought still to be in the schoolroom."

"I suppose I look awful," she said glumly, her lids drooping sleepily.

"Not so awful," said Mike, and strolled out of the room.

He came back in a few minutes followed by a short, spare little man with grizzled hair and very dark brown eyes.

"This," said Mike, "is Redgold. He was with my father in the last war, and he's known me since I was a brat. He is a wizard, and he's taking over here."

Redgold gave Pen a wide, cheerful smile and saluted.

"Don't you worry, miss," he said. "I'll manage. I've had gentlemen with malaria before now. I've had all sorts, if I may say so. Some with malaria and some with liver, and some with delusions. Don't worry."

"But," said Pen in a worried voice, "but—what do you mean, Mike?"

"Redgold to the rescue," said Mike firmly. "I'm not leaving you here to cope with Jerry, or with this house. Redgold will stay here, and he'll do everything. He likes this sort of thing. It makes him feel useful."

"That's right, miss," said Redgold cheerfully.

Mike looked at Pen, and again that funny smile flickered over his face.

"Go and get fixed up," he said, "while I show Redgold round and settle your friend Jerry. Then you're coming out with me and you're going to have breakfast. A proper breakfast, if I have to tear the town apart to get it."

"But Helen—" began Pen dubiously, and stopped. Because just for the moment the whole plan had seemed really feasible, and simply heavenly, but plainly it wasn't feasible. Redgold would have to be paid and Helen couldn't afford that. And Mike simply didn't realise that sort of thing.

"Come on, Redgold," said Mike, "I'll take you upstairs to see your patient."

Pen went up to the bathroom and washed, looked at her face in the mirror, and thought that nobody could look plainer. She combed her hair furiously, but it would hang in tendrils, and wouldn't go into that smooth, polished look. And her suit looked crumpled. She couldn't imagine what Mike meant by all this, but it gave her a warm, happy feeling round her heart.

She went downstairs again and into the sitting-room, and found Mike standing by the window with the sunlight burnishing his red head.

HE swung round as she came in and said: "Dearest little idiot, what on earth did you do all that work for last night? It was crazy of you."

"It was such a mess," said Pen vaguely.

"You're telling me," said Mike and held out his hands and took hers. "You're telling me. Sweet-heart, why didn't I know before what you were like?"

"But you did," said Pen, "surely you did."

"I thought you were a cool, brittle young woman, who thought of nothing but money and luxury. I thought you were charming and delightful and a good companion, but selfish to the core. I never knew that you were a funny, staunch little idiot, or that you could lose your temper, or burst into tears or do any of the things that real girls do. I thought you were a glamor girl—a very expensive glamor girl. So I played up."

"But you don't like girls who aren't—are they like that," said Pen. "Marion said so."

His grip on her hands tightened.

"You've given yourself away," he said. "Was it for me you pretended to be like that, Pen. Was it for me, you young idiot?"

She nodded and a brilliant stream of color poured into her face.

"But," she added hurriedly, "I do like nice things. I mean, I wouldn't want to live like—well, like they do here."

"I should hope not," said Mike. "Pen—are you going to marry me?"

"You'll have to do it quickly, because they've given me my freedom. They've let me out of my Ministry and into the Army. I'll be away in about three weeks."

"Oh, darling!" she said, and caught her breath.

He kissed her very hard. "That seems to settle it," he said.

Then he held her at arm's length and said slowly: "Dear Pen, it was only last night that I realised how much you really did mean to me. When you stuck to your guns, and came here, and stuck to it through everything. Look, darling—don't worry about Redgold, I'll fix his money. He'll stay here, and he'll have this place in shining splendor by the time Helen comes back. I'd phone her if I were you, and tell her to stay. I'll shake that selfish whatnot upstairs if he doesn't have her round for a bit. And now—let's go. I've got to see about getting married, and I've got to feed you."

Smiling, hand in hand, they turned and went out into the clear, brilliant day.

(Copyright)

LAST NIGHT
I WAS OUT
OF SORTS



TO-DAY
I FEEL FINE!

Beecham's Pills are the ideal remedy for a disordered stomach or liverishness, the sure preventive of constipation and all its kindred ills, the happy solution to the problem of sound and regular healthy sleep.

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills
1/- and 2/6 per box
Worth a Guinea a Box.



War busy . . . or just more busy

. . . you need cosmetics that stay put for hours. Yardley Beauty Aids have just that quality.

They're discreetly, delightfully "natural."

Heart-stirring, too, is the lovable freshness of Yardley

English Lavender . . . a fragrance forever young.

But . . . Yardley products are restricted in

supply, so make yours last!



Put your best face forward . . .

Yardley of London

KEEP ON BUYING NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

GY17-44

WHEN MARTIN ANDERSON, brilliant London producer, falls madly in love with MAGDA JOUBERT, his new star, KAY HARDING, who for seven years has been his secretary and secretly in love with him, feels that her world has crashed about her. She joins the W.A.A.F., trying to forget Martin and the theatre in her new work.

After some months, when her friend, ROMA TOWNSEND, persuades her to go to a dance, she again meets an attractive R.A.F. sergeant, who had been at the opening of Martin's latest revue, and learns that he is ANDREW MAYNE, composer of a song in the show. She also meets BORIS ARNHEIM, a Polish officer, and is surprised by his intense interest in an ornamental cigarette lighter that Martin gave her when she left his employment. Suddenly she hears Martin's voice, asking for her.

Now read on—

GIVE BACK MY HEART

By Mary Howard

Kay finds herself a sudden prey to doubts and strange uncertainty

RISING sharply to her feet, Kay said, "It's someone for me." She looked at the others apologetically. The last hour had been so happy. There had been so much effortless, pleasant unity between them, she felt acutely guilty at breaking it up.

Andy looked down at the piano keys, his face still and secretive. His subtle hands rippled out a cynical little scrap of melody, and then he looked up at her. "All right, go ahead. We're happy."

She felt shut out and cold. She turned and went across the room without a word, her shoulders very straight, her bright head very high. Her friend Roma and the two men were singing again as she closed the door—Grieg's melody—"I Love You."

She stepped out into the moonlight. On the smooth grass of the little lawn, leaning against the twisted trunk of a leafless apple tree, was a familiar figure. She felt her heart race, and her throat contract. It was so familiar, so poignantly dear. It was all she had longed for during these long, lonely crowded months.

She said, feeling curiously embarrassed: "Martin—after all these months! Why don't you come inside?"

He started, and she was aware with an almost painful vividness that he had not been waiting for her—that he had been standing there, lost in some thought of his own. He came across to her, put his hand on her shoulders. "Kay—aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course."

"You're cross because I didn't write?"

She smiled at that, so typical of his perpetual boyishness. She would never tell him of the longing with which she had searched through every mail, hoping against hope that there would be just a card, a single line from him, the reassurance of knowing he had remembered and thought of her.

"Don't be silly. I know you never write to anyone."

"Kay..." he paused. In the moonlight his eyes searched her face anxiously, as though hoping to find something there, something he had lost. "Kay, you said you wouldn't change. I wonder? I feel somehow that it isn't possible that I could find you the same. Kay—are you the same?"

She said, "I don't think I've changed—I feel the same."

She wanted her words to sound amused and casual, but the meeting and his mood were too sudden and searching. For the first time there was doubt in her own heart. She wanted to say: "Wait, Martin, wait. Don't ask me anything until I have become used to the fact that after all my unhappiness and longing you really are here."

Suddenly, he caught her close to him, but there was no affection or love, no tenderness in his touch. It was just the desperation of a man clinging to a rock in the midst of a dangerous torrent. A man turning in fear and need to the one person he really knows and trusts. She said, involuntarily, "Poor Martin."

He let her go abruptly. "Why do you say that?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I just felt—"

"Have I changed? Do I look as though I need sympathy?" His voice was savage.

"Oh, Martin, you are being absurd. I can hardly see you in this light. Why are you talking like



Swinging round, Kay saw Magda clinging to Martin, her face white with terror.

this? I want to know everything." She put her hand through his arm, aware of and deeply disturbed by his odd, lost uncertainty. "Come along. They're a village inn here where we can talk."

"All right, but hurry."

She paused. How often she had heard him say that, standing in his office or the wings of the stage, arms full of notes, of costume designs, band parts—hurry, hurry, hurry.

She said quietly, "I must go and tell my friends, they might wait for me to come back."

He said again, "All right." But his tone still held the old irritability and impatience, as though no one's time or convenience but his own could matter in the least. It was almost as though he had said aloud: "You've never kept me waiting before. Not for anyone."

It was true. Once she would have left them without explanation. But his attitude did not justify itself any more. She pushed that thought away. She had wanted him for so long—he was here. It was no time to criticise or to be analytical.

They were singing again, the three of them, when she went in. There was not any feeling that she had been missed, and foolishly it hurt her. She wanted them to want her. She had been at home among them, among friends, a feeling that had been very strange for her, and very warm and sweet.

She picked up her uniform cap from the table where she had left it, and went up to the dais—three pairs of eyes greeted her.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, "but I'm afraid I must go now. It's someone I know from the show business—someone I haven't seen for a very long time."

They all chorused a vague agreement.

"Yes, go ahead. See you at lights out," said Roma lightly.

Andy did not speak. He raised his head suddenly, and met her eyes, and she was surprised at the feeling that pierced her, sharp and sweet. Strange clear eyes in that lean, sensitive face. Andy did not want her to go. He did not speak, but he wanted her to stay.

He did not speak, but he wanted her to stay.

The sharp sense of discovery died, leaving a glow within her, a lamp lighted. A flush touched her calm cheeks, her mouth quivered youthfully. Her words suddenly tumbled over each other in an almost childish effort to explain:

"He's come all the way from London. I can't very well refuse. Perhaps I'll slip back later, if you like, and then—"

A smile came into Andy's eyes, a sweet, warm look. He said softly: "Kay, did no one ever give you sweets when you were a kid?"

"Not very often," she said in surprise. "Why?"

"No particular reason. Don't worry, my pretty. I don't suppose your friend will leave early enough for you to come back here. But there will be lots more merry meetings."

Again the swift, sharp feeling. He did not want her to go, but he understood now, and he was not angry.

She smiled with a quick, warm brilliance, forgetting her air of indifference, her armor of calm disinterest, and looked young and happy and alive. "I hope so," she said eagerly.

Her mind was saying with staggering unbelief: "It's Martin I'm seeing. He's waiting for me. Why do I bother to do this? Martin will be furious if I keep him waiting. Why doesn't it matter more than anything in the world?" She smiled at them again and went.

Martin was pacing impatiently up and down the road outside. "You've been five minutes," he said accusingly.

"I had to explain to my friends."

"You never used to keep me waiting."

An angry retort rose to her lips, but she let it pass with an expression that was half smile, half sigh. She was still a little too bewildered by the emotion that had her in its grip to be hurt by what he was saying. It seemed unimportant.

They walked quickly along the white road back to the village.

"That fellow," said Martin, "whoever it was who was playing. He plays extremely well. Is he a professional?"

"It was Andrew Mayne—the composer."

He stopped, a little startled, and then went on again more slowly, his head bent, watching their long shadows in the moonlight.

"But—he's brilliant. You mean the boy who did the moonlight number for the show? What's he doing in the Forces?"

She laughed—that was so typical of Martin.

"The Forces need brilliant people nowadays."

"Yes. But what a waste of talent," he said impatiently. "What does he do? Play at camp concerts, and so forth?"

She laughed again, explaining patiently. "No, he's a flight engineer, on the big bombers."

"Oh. Is that dangerous?"

"Very dangerous."

"Waste of talent," said Martin absent-mindedly. "Is this the place?"

"Yes." She opened the door and they went into the quiet little parlor. There were only a few flying men in there, whom she did not know. They sat down at a corner table, and Martin ordered drinks. He looked round critically at the darts boards, the old-fashioned furnishings, the carefully tended fern in a depressing "art" pot.

"How can you live here, Kay? Don't you go crazy from boredom in this place?"

"No. My job is very interesting."

"What do you do?"

Please turn to page 10

Carelessness Costs Coupons



Putting on your rayon stockings and taking them off sounds awfully simple. But oh, what grief if you snag your stockings . . . and bang go more coupons. Cherish your stockings like jewels. Here are some valuable hints on how to make rayon stockings last longer, with better fit and greater all-round satisfaction.

DO THIS TO PUT ON—Remove rings and bracelets to prevent snagging. See that finger nails and toe nails are smoothly manicured. Gather stockings down carefully to the toes then up between thumbs and forefingers, guiding back seam neatly up back of leg. Fasten suspender clip carefully in the welt, the rear clip never less than an inch from the seam. See that heel reinforcement is above the top of the shoe to prevent laddering.

DO THIS WHEN TAKING OFF—Gently release suspender clip from welt. Roll stocking down and over toes, keeping off the floor to avoid snagging. Wash immediately in a smooth bowl in plentiful luke-warm suds to remove dirt and harmful perspiration acid. Rinse in clear, luke-warm water. **DRY THOROUGHLY FOR 48 HOURS** on a soft towel, out of the sun.

DON'T wear rings and bracelets when handling stockings.

DON'T clutch at stockings with fingers and nails when putting on, stretching and maybe laddering them as you go.

DON'T fasten suspenders below welt or near seam.

DON'T pull stockings off and let them drop on the floor to snag.

DON'T throw stockings in drawer or clothes basket to snag. Wash immediately.

DON'T rub soap directly on stockings when washing or use anything but plentiful luke-warm suds. Rinse in clear, luke-warm water.

DON'T put stockings on wet. **DRY FOR 48 HOURS**—not 24 or 36.



*Better care means longer wear
for your wartime*

RAYON HOSIERY

YOURS FREE! Ask your favourite store for Rayon Stocking Quiz Folder giving many valuable hints on stocking care.

The Blackout Murder

Strange mystery comes to light in sudden darkness

By
ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

WITH the siren still shrilling in wavy crescendos, Mark Conger dashed out to the street. "Keep the house dark, and stay inside, Joe," he yelled to his eldest son.

All along Elm Street the lights were going out. Mark checked his personal equipment—a blue-lens flashlight, a warden's whistle, a pipe wrench, a pad of report forms, and an armband with "Citrus City C.D." on it. "Lights out, Mr. Quinn," he shouted to his next-door neighbor, and lights in the Quinn house went out.

Mark started south toward 22nd Street. He was responsible for blackout observance between 19th and 23rd, his own house being 2215.

The prompt darkening of this block made him rather proud. He had drilled his neighborhood with a grim thoroughness. He knew where all the gas and water connections were, and just which householders had provided themselves with stirrup pumps and dry sand.

A car without official lights came creeping along. Mark stopped it, made the driver pull to the curb. "You're stuck here till the all-clear sounds," he said.

"Just a prac-

tice, ain't it?" the driver grumbled.

"Might be," Mark said. "Or maybe it's the real thing."

He continued his patrol down Elm Street. The 2100 and 2000 blocks were properly dark. Three cars were parked in front of 1923, where the Gorsons lived. Laughter and radio music from within indicated that the Gorsons had a party on. A single cigarette glow came from the front porch. But the smoker snuffed it out at sight of Mark's blue flashlight.

The next house, number 1919, was quiet. But Mark saw a glow at a south side window.

"Lights out, Professor," he called. There was no response. Maybe Professor Sallee was napping and hadn't heard the siren. Mark went to the front door and knocked. "There's an alarm on, Professor."

When still no answer came Mark tried the door. It was unlocked. Possibly the old professor had gone to the pictures, neglecting to turn off a light. Mark knew Professor

Sallee quite well, so he pushed the door open and stepped inside. Sallee wouldn't mind his intruding to turn out a light.

It was a small, frame cottage. The professor, since retiring from the chair of history at a University, had lived here alone. Mark groped across a dark hall and opened the door of a study.

This snug, knotty-pine room was lighted. Its windows were circular, like portholes, and there was a ship's model on the mantel. Professor Sallee was seated in a reading chair and at first seemed to have merely fallen asleep.

Then an unnatural pallor shocked Mark. He moved a step nearer and saw blood. It made a red streak down one cheek from a gash on the head. "Who hit you? What happened?" Mark asked shakily. He picked the old man up and carried him to a couch.

There a coldness of the flesh and a glassy stare from the eyes con-

vinced him that Sallee was dead.

Mark switched off the light.

Then he groped to the telephone and called the police. His wrist-

watch said 9.26.

The blackout alarm had sounded at 8.58.

He reasoned that the assault on Sallee had been before 8.58.

Otherwise Sallee would have turned off his lights.

"Police Headquarters? This is Air-Raid Warden Mark Conger calling from 1919 North Elm. I've just found the owner dead. He's been murdered."

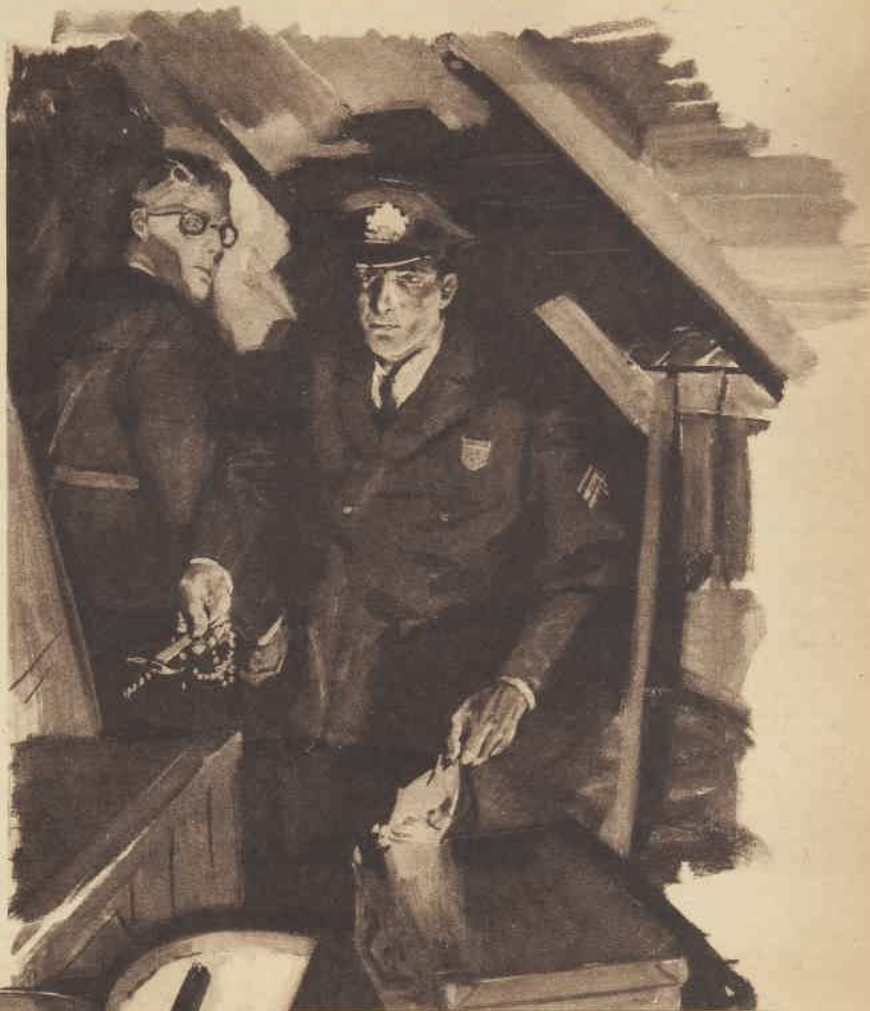
Hanging up the phone, Mark stood in inky darkness. A sound from the kitchen startled him. It was a soft, muffled thud. Was the killer still in the house, prowling for loot?

Since air-raid wardens do not carry guns, Mark's only arm of defence was his pipe wrench. He took it from his pocket, his other hand groping for the flashlight he had laid down to pick up Sallee. Then he moved cautiously toward the kitchen.

But when he pushed open the kitchen door he didn't need to explore it with his flash. For a light globe was on there. A fat, shaggy cat was purring by the stove. It might have jumped from a chair, causing that soft thud.

The rear door was unlocked. Mark turned out the kitchen light and went out that way, closing the door behind him. He was descending steps into a backyard when a voice came from the darkness—"Is that you, Professor?"

By starlight Mark could see a shawled woman approaching from



"I won't let you take me," the man said desperately, drawing a revolver.

"Only you." She retreated fearfully, still staring at the pipe wrench in Mark's hand. Then she turned and ran, darting across the alley to her own backyard.

Mark put the wrench in his pocket. In the starlight he made out a hydrant over, by the tall hedge which divided Sallee's house from Wesley Hallam's house on the south. Mark knelt by the hydrant, washing his hands. He could see that about half the backyard was spaded up.

From the next house north he could still hear laughter and radio music. The two-and-a-half-story house on the south, Hallam's, was dark and silent. A scout plane was droning high overhead.

Mark moved up the driveway between Sallee's driveway and the Hallam edge. At the front walk he looked both ways, along Elm Street and was relieved to see no violations.

In about five minutes an automobile pulled up at the kerb. It was a police car. Two officers, one

in uniform and one in plain clothes, got out. The uniformed officer was a weighty man with a strong face. "I'm Sergeant Murphy," he said. "Was it you phoned in about a murder?"

"It's Professor Sallee," Mark said. "I went in to turn off a light and found him dead."

"Go in and take a look, Skirvin," Murphy said. The other officer, who was lean and gimlet-eyed, shot a how-do-I-know-you-didn't-do-it-yourself look at Mark. Then he walked to the Sallee door and went in. Murphy lingered on the walk with Mark. He brought out a cigar, bit the end off, then remembered the blackout, and put the cigar back in his pocket.

"Tell me just how you found him," he said pleasantly.

Mark reviewed his movements since the sounding of the siren, including his encounter with Miss Clemson in the backyard.

"See any other neighbors round?"

"No."

Please turn to page 22

The Daily Rule for Better Health!

A teaspoon of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water every morning.

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

WILL HEAL YOUR SKIN

Think how marvellous it would be to be free from that constant irritation, that pain, that sleep-robbing inflammation! Cleanse your skin from those blemishes! Germolene will accomplish this wonderful result for you. It cleanses, soothes, and heals all skin troubles.

Germolene

heals in record time

ECZEMA, BURNS, WOUNDS, INSECT BITES, HEAT RASH, ABSCESSSES, SUNBURN, CUTS.

In glass jars, 1/6

At all chemists and stores.



Romance came over the old-fashioned wall in a cheery new-fashioned way.

ALL round were the hills. Wine and gold in the summer, with heather and gorse. White in winter time, with caps of snow. They shut the world right out. Dorndale Manor had now become a little kingdom by itself—an island in the hill-enclosed dale.

Within this secluded kingdom Rose Denton lived with The Aunts. The Aunts, both Louie and Kate, belonged to that type of English lady that appears ageless. They looked exactly the same, now that Rose was eighteen, as they had the day she had returned from India, an orphan aged six. This was the only similarity between them, however.

As Rose grew older she came to realise that Aunt Louie was really a domineering old lady, and Aunt Kate the fluttering victim of her arrogance.

Dorndale Manor had been lonely enough before the war, but not so bad as it was now. Now there was no more petrol, and not even summer visitors came. Aunt Louie thought this a great improvement. Aunt Louie did not approve of people, or modern ways, or radio, or the telephone, and what she said went, so inside the gates of Dorndale Manor they didn't even get much of the war news.

Aunt Louie did not want to hear about the war. She disapproved of it. If you tried to talk about it she said, "I prefer not to discuss it, dear. If everyone had the sense to live as I live, there would be no war."

"But we aren't living, Aunt Louie," Rose had once said in a moment of revolt. "Don't you see? We're just buried alive."

All she got for that was a homily on ingratitude and an evil-tasting vegetable tonic. And that summer went by just like any other. You felt that nothing would ever happen up there. But, for once, you were wrong.

Jane, the maid, the only one of them who did much going round, came back from her afternoon off, looking quite pale.

"What do you think! They're building an airfield and landing ground . . . just over there . . . just outside the park!"

Aunt Louie said, "Nonsense!"

"Well, if it's nonsense, all I can say is that it takes a lot of dredgers and wood-cutters and tractors," said Jane, almost saucy for once.

"You forget yourself," said Aunt Louie, waving her away.

But she could not wave the airfield away. Presently the air was full of the hum of the tractors, the crash of falling trees, the rattle of lorries going by. From the end of the park you could see it; a great area scraped quite flat, and men toiling there like ants.

"Your aunt is very angry about it," said Aunt Kate, who had been bullied into such a state of subjection that she usually whispered her communication to Rose when Rose was brushing the goats, Clarissa and Melisande, in the stables. "She got several letters, but she didn't tell me what was in them. She burnt them."

"Oh, dear! They may want something!" said Rose.

"They may, dear. But they won't get it!" She looked at Rose with her wide, guileless blue eyes that were so like a child's. She leaned a little closer.

"It's the Americans," she said. "Jane told me. She met one on the bus. She said he spoke English, but not the kind she understands. Do you think they will come here?"

"I don't know. Aunt Louie would beat them away with her red parasol. I expect" laughed Rose, vaguely excited. As long as somebody came she did not care who it was.

"Your aunt thinks that if you go on ignoring a thing it ceases to exist," said Aunt Kate, with the air of one making a discovery. It was true, Rose knew, but now she knew something else as well. All those years they had been buried up there, life had been creeping nearer. It was catching up with them now.

The following evening when she went to fetch the goats back from the water meadow, there was the young man. He was sitting on the wall. He had taken off his coat, and thrown it over the broken glass, Aunt Louie's defence against sight-seers. He wore an olive drab shirt and tie. He had a long, solemn, blond face, and at first you thought

him almost ugly and a little comic. Then he smiled, and you realised he was rather sweet.

"That's a dirty kind of a trick," said the young man, regarding the broken glass.

"I've always thought so," said Rose. She leaned against Melisande and did not know what a pretty picture she made.

The young man said, softly, "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran . . . down to a sunless sea." He said it half to himself, and then went on, to Rose, "My kite's stuck way back there."

"Your kite . . . ?" she said, astonished.

"My airplane," he grinned. "K for Kitten. That's me. I came round to see if I could telephone from anywhere here."

"We haven't a telephone," said Rose.

His eyebrows shot up. "Say, what sort of a joint is this?" he groaned.

"A very old-fashioned joint. Just how old-fashioned, you are about to discover." For she saw, from the corner of her eye, Aunt Louie approaching on the starboard beam—Aunt Louie, high collar and red parasol, taking her evening walk beside the reedy pond where later water lilies grew.

Aunt Louie stopped with a jerk. She pointed the red parasol at the blond young man.

"Rose . . . what is this?"

"Good evening, ma'am," said the blond young man, very politely. "My kite's down near by and I wanted to telephone to H.Q. But it seems you haven't one."

"Kite! At his age!" said Aunt Louie.

"He means his—his aircraft," said Rose quickly. "He's made a forced landing. He wants to telephone for help."

"How long has this been going on, pray?" demanded Aunt Louie, growing blue about the wattles, like a turkey cock.

"I've never seen him before," said Rose quickly.

"Sure . . . She's never seen me before. But I hope I shall see her again, and you, too, ma'am," said the young man on the wall. He took a piece of chewing-gum from his pocket and unwrapped it. "K for Kitten, that's me. . . . Four-engined Lancaster. . . . A beaut. . . . Zoom. . . . Bam!" He grinned down at them, swinging his legs.

"What language does this person speak?" said Aunt Louie. "I cannot understand him. Tell him to go away. Tell him there is a telephone at the inn. Tell him this place is private. Then come into the house, please. I wish to speak to you, Rose." She swept off.

Rose laughed softly. "Now you see what you have done," she said. "I shall get a lecture."

"For crying out loud, what for?"

"For encouraging strange young men."

"Gee, I don't guess I'm going to need much encouragement," said the boy, quite at ease in spite of the broken glass and Aunt Louie. "My name is Elmer Jansen. What's yours?"

"Rose Denton. The inn is down there on the right, and you can telephone there for twopenny."

"Thanks a lot. . . . Have some chewing-gum?"

She took it politely, not wanting to snub him.

"Well, so long, I'll be back."

"It's no good your coming back . . ." she began, but she doubted whether he heard her. He went whistling off down the lane toward the village. Rose broke the stick of gum in two and solemnly gave a piece to each of the goats.

Aunt Louie was waiting for her in the drawing-room. "Enticing strange men. Just like a little housemaid. Don't let it happen again."

"I didn't entice him."

"No man climbs a wall unless a girl encourages him. This dreadful airfield may have come and planted itself down just next door to us, but we need not demean ourselves by knowing anything about it. I expect you to ignore it; and them, Rose. As I do."

It wasn't any good saying anything. Rose went back to the stables to finish off the goats, and found



Aunt Kate waiting for her. Aunt Kate had a way of hovering, if she thought anyone was in trouble. There she sat on a hay bale, looking like something out of an old-fashioned magazine.

"You mustn't mind your aunt, dear. You know how she dislikes strangers."

"He was so nice, Aunt Kate. . . . An American boy. Not a bit shy or awkward. And she was beastly to him."

"You know what she is, dear. Your aunt lives in a world of her own." "Don't you ever feel you simply must get away, Aunt Kate?"

"Truth did battle with loyalty in Aunt Kate's faded blue eyes. 'Well, dear, we are very comfortable here.' 'I don't want to be comfortable.'"

Blitz at Dorndale Manor

"No . . . I sometimes feel that way myself."

Aunt Kate sat plaiting hay for a moment. Then she got up and, with a little sigh, moved toward the door.

Suddenly she turned. "When is he coming back?" she whispered.

"The American? He won't come back."

"I think he will, dear. They are like us, but they aren't like us. That's what I hear. More go-ahead."

Rose hadn't any hope. It had been just an episode, and now the page was turned on it. Life, she thought, would go on just as of old, only slightly more noisily.

It happened in the quiet hour of the day. Aunt Louie was resting. No bells were allowed to ring, no pianos were played, between two and four. Aunt Louie lay down,

Rose had once seen her doing it. Very straight and stiff she lay, like a stone bishop on a cathedral pier.

The bell didn't just ring. It pealed in a very peremptory fashion. The silence was shattered—like a stone chucked through a stained-glass window. Jane, who managed to open the door, shaken though she was by this shattering of custom, gave a scream and departed. "The Germans! The Germans!" she shrieked.

It wasn't the Germans. Only a tall, wide man with a leather face and a slightly pickled nose. There were wings and medals on his tunic, and a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Say, I've got to move some of my kids in here," said the tall man, laconically. "We'll want half this house till the quarters at the mess are ready."

Aunt Kate flapped. Aunt Kate said, "Oh, dear . . . Oh, dear . . . I don't know what my sister will say."

"I gather they wrote about it, ma'am."

"There were letters, I know. Quite a number of letters. But she didn't tell me what was in them. Rose, dear, you'd better call your aunt."

There was no need. Down the stairs, majestically, came Aunt Louie, looking like something marked "Danger. Keep Off!"

"What is all this?" demanded Aunt Louie.

"Kids . . ." said Aunt Kate. "He wants to bring his kids here, Louie. . . . Be calm, dear."

"We've written, warning you on various occasions, but had no answer, ma'am. Now the accommodation has been requisitioned. But I guess you have plenty of room. The boys will need only one wing. I hope it's okay by you."

"It is not okay by me," said Aunt Louie. "It is preposterous."

"Military orders often are, ma'am. But you won't find the kids will bother you much. They're a nice bunch of boys."

"They can't come here," said Aunt Louie.

"Sorry, ma'am. They've got to." They swept in, very quiet and polite, carrying things. They swept past Aunt Louie like the sea, and she could do no more about it than Canute. They brought in a telephone. "I will not have that thing . . ." began Aunt Louie.

They carried up a radio. "Don't dare bring that thing into my house!" Aunt Louie shrieked.

The officer looked about him, large and sad. "Someone take care of her," he said. "She'll get hurt." But before Rose and Aunt Kate could reach her, there was Elmer Jansen, his long blond face solemn. He took her arm.

"Take it easy, Aunt Louie," he said. "I know it's tough, us butting in. But we won't do any harm. . . . We won't hurt anything. This is a swell house, and we'll see no harm comes to it."

So petrified, so dumbfounded was Aunt Louie at this piece of cheek, that she said nothing. Nothing at all. And while she was getting her breath, he steered her into the library, and put her into a chair. He stood beside her, peeling a piece of gum.

"Try a bit? No. You ought to. It soothes the nerves. I chew a lot when I'm flying . . . at night. Most of us do."

"Go away," said Aunt Louie. "I don't want to hear what you do. I don't want to know anything about you. Kate! Kate! Rose! Take this person away . . . I'm ill."

"Oh, no, you're not ill," said the young man calmly. He was like someone dealing patiently with a naughty, spoiled child. "You're just sort of nervous, Aunt Louie. You'd better face it, ma'am. We didn't want to come in here any more than you wanted to have us. It's just fortunes of war, and we've all got to make the best of it. We won't bother you. We're out most nights with our kites. Tell you what I'll do . . . I'll drop a message for you over Berlin!"

"It's tough on old folks," said the officer kindly to Rose outside. "But they've got to take it like the rest of us. The kids are good kids. Maybe they'll get round her. You never can tell."

"I'm afraid," said Rose. "they don't speak her language."

"You can get quite a way without language," said the officer genially. "I found that out in France." He winked.

Elmer Jansen came out of the library.

"How's she doin'?" asked the officer.

"Still kind of allergic to us," Elmer said, grinning. "But she'll be all

By DOROTHY BLACK

IT'S THE Americans

bomber has one—in case. Just in case. He's a cute little fellow. He has his own oxygen mask for when we get way up."

"Stop talking nonsense and remove that bird," said Aunt Louie.

"He's got to stay round to-day. The aircraft's being cleaned up, Aunt Louie. He won't do any harm."

"He is doing harm," said Aunt Louie ominously. "Will you take him away?"

"He won't come down till tea-time anyway," said Elmer. "I'll take him away then. He's a punctual kind of bird, is Airborne Joe. Sometime I plan to fit a rear light on him, let him go, and race him home."

Aunt Louie looked at him with that drowning expression she sometimes had, and went away, slamming a door.

"Gee . . ." said Elmer. "I hope she isn't sore."

He picked a letter up from the table, looked at it, and put it down. "Why does nobody ever post them?" asked Rose. "They've been here for days."

"That's 'In Case' mail," said Elmer quietly, his hands in his pockets. "When we set out, we hand a letter to the chap there, saying, 'Take this in case anything happens to me, and I don't get back.'"

She drew her breath in swiftly. "Oh!"

"When a kite is posted as missing, we drink the kids' health in their favorite drinks. Then we throw away the glasses into a corner so that they get broken. . . . Then we don't talk of them any more. It's the only way."

His voice was flat and matter-of-fact. He might have been describing a flower border. Rose walked over to the window. Her throat ached.

He came and stood beside her, a fair boy with a long, humorous face—almost ugly, till he smiled. "Well," he said, "I got to go." For a moment it was as if he wanted to say something else, but he didn't. He turned and went out.

Presently she saw him with a vast accumulation of kit, and Airborne Joe on his shoulder, crossing the garden. And later, drawing her curtains aside at bedtime, she heard the roar of bombers, and saw them rising, one and one, winging like big black bats over a full moon, till the night swallowed them and they became part of it, and the noise of them died away. She

Elmer, come to tell Aunt Louie all about it—even if she didn't want to know. But it was an orderly, carrying a little tray. The tray had a letter on it, and a slab of chocolate. He handed it to Aunt Louie and withdrew.

"What's this foolery?" said Aunt Louie, tearing open the letter. "Elmer Jansen. What does he want to write to me for? Pah, all this nonsense."

But in that moment Rose knew. Knew, and a queer, cold courage and self-control came to her. She said, and her voice was hard and clear: "That's 'In Case' mail, Aunt Louie. It means he has not come back."

There was a silence. Aunt Louie picked up the letter again, and looked at it. Her hands that never shook were shaking. "Haden't you better read it?" said Rose quietly.

"Dear Aunt Louie: If you ever get this it will mean I have got it and shall not be back to bother you any further with my nonsense and the tales you don't believe. Thanks a whole lot for being so swell to all of us. I had a lot of fun at the manor, and no one is more sorry than I am at having to leave so suddenly."

"I had this chocolate from home yesterday. I hope you will like it, and am sad we shan't meet again."

"Gone!" said Aunt Kate, incredulously. "I—I can hardly believe it. Why, only yesterday . . ."

"Be quiet, Kate," snapped Aunt Louie. She looked at Rose. "You are sure of this?"

"He told me. All those letters out there on the table mean that. Nobody delivers them until the aircraft is posted as missing."

Aunt Louie got up. In some queer way she seemed to have unstiffened. "I—I am going to my room," she said. The door closed behind her.

"She's crying!" said Aunt Kate, horrified. "I haven't seen your aunt cry since the death of Queen Victoria. She thought she didn't like him, you know. But now she realises she did. He was so wonderful with her. Patient . . . like a lover. She never had a lover, you know. I've often thought that is why she was so hard. He was so sweet with her, that boy. And she didn't know, but she liked it! Oh, my poor Rose! And you loved him."

Rose said quietly: "I shall love him till I die."

She went about her usual work all that day. She fed the chickens, groomed the horses, attended to the goats. Part of her seemed to have died.

She met the officer coming out of the mess, and stopped him, but found she couldn't speak. She didn't have to. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry, kid. He was one of the best pilots we had. He crashed on the way home. The others saw him. He left a letter which I sent along to your aunt. . . ."

Rose nodded. She said nothing. There was nothing to say. Now she had only memory, and a dream of the thing that might have been between them. And, in her mind, a picture of the last she had seen of him, as the bombers went out, like bats, over the moon.

All that day she kept thinking if only there was something she could do for him! But she couldn't even have the puny comfort of laying flowers on his grave. . . . And then, quite suddenly, after she was in bed that night, she thought of it.

She got up, and put on her childish old-fashioned red flannel dressing-gown, and went downstairs. She didn't know what his favorite drink was. When he had been with them he had liked Aunt Kate's cowslip wine.

She filled a wineglass and stood there in the flickering candlelight.

"Here's to K for Kitten," she said, loud and clear. "God bless them all!" She drained the glass and flung it from her with a sob. It hit the wall and shattered into small pieces. . . .

A voice said mildly, "What's going on here . . .?"

She stood quite still, her eyes closed. He only had one good arm, but he put it round her. His head was bandaged, his long, solemn face looked longer than ever, with its white swathings. His right arm was in a sling.

Please turn to page 10

"Rose . . . what is this?" demanded Aunt Louie, pointing her parasol at the young airman.

right, sir. You don't have to worry. I'll keep an eye on her."

There followed incredible weeks, with the manor loud with young voices, the radio playing, telephone bells ringing. It wasn't like the manor at all. And at all hours, into their part of the house, came Elmer Jansen, trying to bring Aunt Louie round. Paying court to her as she had never been courted before, with slabs of chocolate, bunches of flowers, packets of candy.

"Young man, I am not your aunt," she said one day, angrily.

He looked at her in the queer, gentle way he had, his long face lighting.

"Sure, I know it. But I wish you were," he said, and he peeled a piece of chewing-gum for himself, and offered her a bit. She snorted angrily, ignoring it, and fled.

It made no difference to Elmer. When he wanted her, he just went

after her. He never had any difficulty in catching her. He would walk beside her, explaining to her how you flew a bomber. He told her how Berlin looked at night, the flak coming up at you. He told her how lonely a kid felt sometimes up there in the sky.

Aunt Louie did not believe a word of it. She thought him an accomplished liar. "He's probably a greaser," she said scornfully.

"But he isn't, Aunt Louie. He's the skipper of a crew. Seven people," said Rose.

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Aunt Louie.

How could she help knowing about it? He would come and sit in the stables, on a bale of hay, and talk to her while she combed the goats. Talk of his aircraft, as a young man speaks of his first love. Her idiosyncrasies, her likes and dislikes,

her tendency to ice over. And he told Rose of the loneliness of the skies, the cloud scenery making another world—a world where rainbows were colored circles.

Aunt Louie never found him there; otherwise she would probably have put an end to it, as she put an end to the only romance Aunt Kate had ever had. But would she? Elmer had a way of getting round Aunt Louie no one else had ever had.

Even over the matter of the pigeon, Elmer won. Up on the picture rail in the big hall, quite a large, stout pigeon appeared one day, bowing graciously to Aunt Louie as she passed.

"Shoo!" cried Aunt Louie, flapping a duster. "Take it away. I won't have birds in the house."

"That's Airborne Joe," said Elmer. "He's our carrier pigeon. Each

Continuing . . . Give Back My Heart

from page 5

KAY replied, "Why, I'm on controls. I receive and give out reports to the aircraft when they are on operations. It's not terribly important in itself. But it links up. Like being a screw in a large and delicate machine."

"You, Kay, with your intuitive! I bet you're the best they've got. You never take a job on unless you're magnificent at it. I've missed you like the very deuce. I even have to remember things myself these days."

She grinned mischievously. "Poor Martin. I spoiled you."

"Poor Martin is right," he said morosely. "I'm glad you're happy though. I suppose you know beforehand when any of these big jobs are coming off? I guess that must be pretty exciting?"

"Why—" she began, and paused. She had always talked so freely to Martin. The thought crossed her mind; why should he ask that? Is he just being polite?

She said carelessly, but cautiously, because since she handled lives caution had become an automatic part of her daily life: "We know very little, thank goodness. It's too much of a responsibility to know too much. But, look here, I do want to know about you. What you're doing here, and why? You see I don't flatter myself you've come to see me alone. Let me look at you?" She put her head on one side, looking at the nervous, attractive face, the restless eyes, critically. "You're thinner. Aren't things going so well, Martin. How're the bookings?"

He ordered another drink, although she had scarcely touched hers, and when it came drank it quickly, ordering another for himself.

"Oh, fine—everything's fine. Playing to capacity. It's a headache, though, these days. But the show's all right."

"I'm glad."

"I've brought a show down. We're putting it on to-morrow at the camp. By the way, thanks for your letters—they've been most useful."

"I'm glad," she said again, inadequately.

"We're all staying at Lady Grange's place—over the other side of the camp."

Lady Grange had a big pleasant manor over on the wolds, and Kay had often heard of the way she kept open house for the officers at the camp.

Kay asked him: "Who have you brought down?"

"There's Netta Greer, and Natasha, and Billy Sheffield—and Magda, of course. The theatre's been closed this week for repairs."

She heard herself say quietly: "So—Magda's here?"

"Yes. She's over at the officers' mess to-night with the other girls. They're giving a sort of party for them all. I'm supposed to be there. I'll go along in a minute. Will you be walking back?"

"Yes."

"Look here, Kay. I want you to help me to-morrow with rehearsals and getting everything fixed up. Do you think it could be arranged?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

ISLAND TYPES

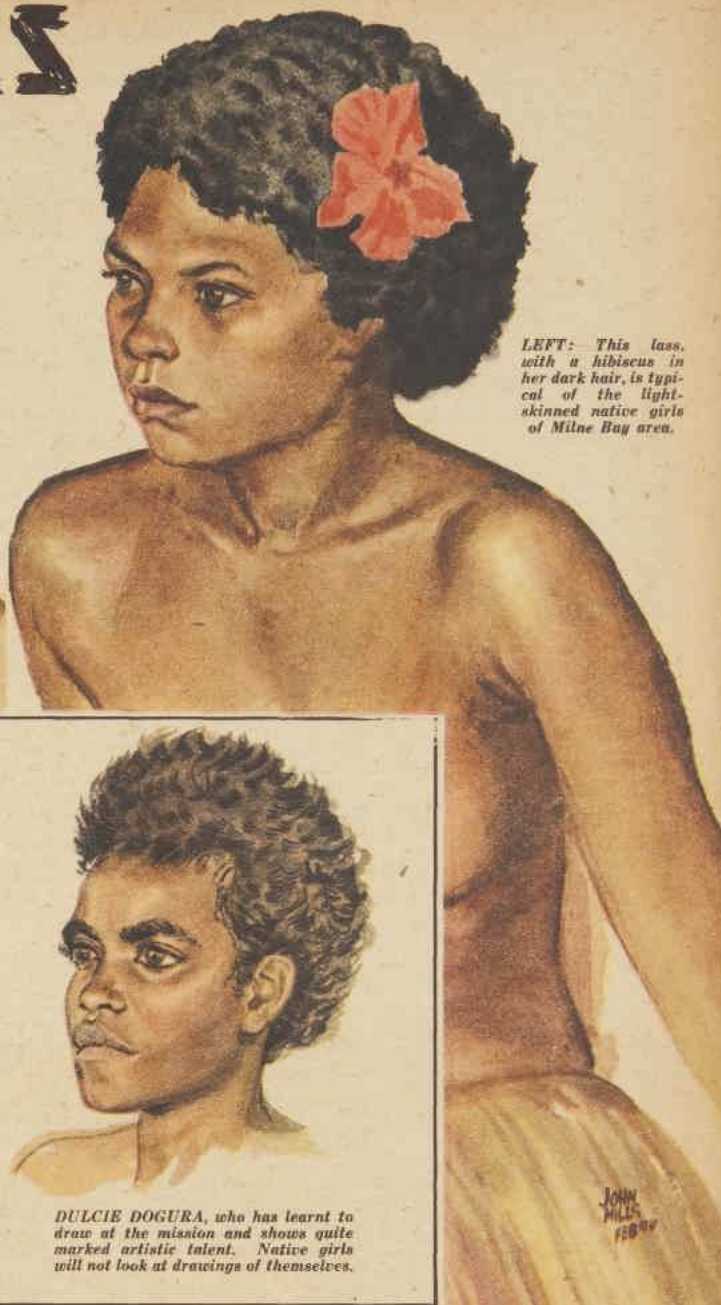
THESE sketches are the work of John Mills, R.A.N.V.R., former staff artist of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is now serving with the Naval Auxiliary Patrol. They were painted while he was in a small naval ship operating on general patrols in New Guinea waters.



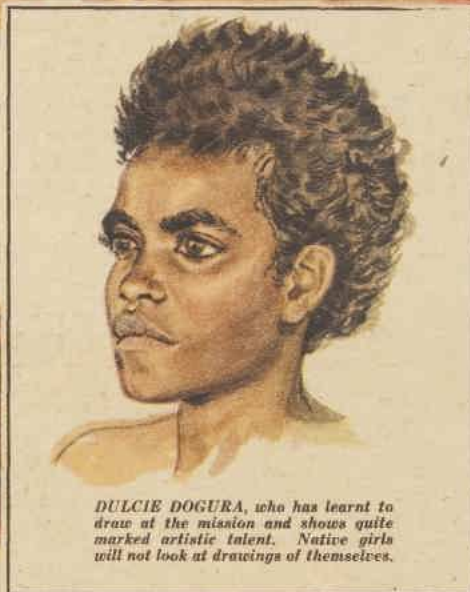
HAROLD, native boy of the Dogura Mission on the north-east coast of New Guinea.



GREGORY, of Waimera, New Guinea, has captured four Japanese and killed one with a bush knife.



LEFT: This lass, with a hibiscus in her dark hair, is typical of the light-skinned native girls of Milne Bay area.



DULCIE DOGURA, who has learnt to draw at the mission and shows quite marked artistic talent. Native girls will not look at drawings of themselves.



KILEWASI, an amazing throwback to the strain left by ancient Egyptians who migrated about 4000 B.C. to New Guinea. This girl has vivid red hair and a yellow tinge in her skin.

OUR COVER

• This week's cover shows Karuelo, a Goodenough Island native, sketched by John Mills when he came down to the beach to trade bananas and papaws with the men of the Naval Auxiliary Patrol boat. The flowers on his arms are worn to protect him from nightmares.



DE DUYON, South Pacific island boy of Egum Island, where the natives are as yet untouched by white influence.



GILCHRIST, a Dogura Mission boy. Navy men taught him semaphore, and were surprised at the speed with which he picked it up. Mission natives are honest, clean, and healthy, says John Mills.



KANATUPA, native girl of Egum Island. The men of these islands are great seamen and travel hundreds of miles in lakatois, carrying all their possessions.

Give Back My Heart Continued from page 10

IN the shadow of the trees Kay stopped and watched them. Magda's head was leaning just a little toward the young officer's broad shoulder, so that the night breeze spread fair strands of hair across the fine cloth of his uniform. He was looking down at her, watching her with a mixture of feelings on his clear-cut boy's face. Amusement, astonishment, fascination.

"I feel very silly to-night, Martin, and very naughty." The child talking, the child's voice that held that innocent perversity, that guileless sin. "It is because it is moonlight and there are so many handsome young men here."

Her voice trailed away, laughing, petulant. Kay could not hear Martin's reply. Then suddenly Magda gave an odd little scream of sheer terror. Kay swung round instinctively, and ran back to them.

Magda was clinging to Martin, and his arms were closely round her—her fear was genuine enough. Her face was white and her eyes dilated. Martin was holding her, soothing her, and at the sound of his voice Kay felt a last painful doubt break away from her heart and slip into oblivion.

Even when they had been close in understanding, his voice had never held that tone for her.

"Magda, don't. There was no one there, you are imagining things. Magda, child... look at me. Don't

be so absurd. Why, you're shaking."

Magda... don't... She looked back fearfully over her shoulder at the dark bushes. "Did you not see? Someone was watching me. From the bushes. Someone stood in the dark and watched me."

"There couldn't possibly be anyone there at this hour," said the young officer. But he plunged gallantly into the bushes, and they heard him charging about, calling out, and beating through the trees to the extreme detriment of his lovely uniform. Kay stood, a curiously detached spectator.

"Whom did you think it was?" she asked.

"Someone I knew once," Magda began, and then stopped, recollecting herself. Her eyes hardened, glinting across Martin's protecting shoulder. "Why do you look at me so? You think I pretend, yes? It is not true. Someone stood and looked at me from the dark, and it was horrible."

"She's had a scare," said Martin in an explanatory, half-spogetic tone. "She was shaking like a leaf."

"Don't stand there and look," said Magda hysterically, "when you are not believing me. You are so very brave and English and superior, but you did not see."

"Indeed," said Kay coolly, "I don't doubt you. I can't understand though, if it was someone you knew, why are you so scared?"

"It may not have been. I do not know. I could scarcely see in this light. Only eyes looking at me from the darkness..."

"She is trying to cover it up," thought Kay, "she is trying to pretend she did not say it was someone she knew."

The young pilot-officer came plunging out of the shrubbery, bits of twig in his hair, and a slightly irritated expression marring his attractive face. "I couldn't see a soul, Miss Joubert. It must have been an owl."

Magda seized on the explanation. "Oh, of course. How stupid of me, please forgive me. And see, you have got a nasty scratch too..."

She left Martin's side and obligingly dabbed his face with her small perfumed handkerchief. Kay noticed the irritation fade from the handsome, thoughtless young face. He said suddenly, "I say, that's wizard perfume you use. I didn't know you could get such stuff in wartime. I tried to get some for my girl—but there wasn't a sniff to be had."

"But I have some, and if you are very good, I will give some, just for your girl, because you are nice, and don't get cross with my silliness."

"Good-night," said Kay dryly, turning on her heel.

"Good-night, Kay." There was something in Martin's voice that she could not have found words to describe. Apology, explanation, and a plea for indulgence for Magda. A plea for understanding of his infatuation.

"He has no need," Kay thought angrily, "to think I would not understand. She's quite fascinating. Most men would be crazy about her." She went slowly back to her quarters, and it seemed to her Martin's need of her, frantic and urgent, followed her tenuously.

The C.O. gave the necessary permission, and for a day Kay found herself back in her old job. Knowing the camp, and the district, and Martin, she was the perfect go-between, and could find him anything, from a row of potted palms to a piano-tuner, in record time. She met him in the great drill-hall in the morning, and in five minutes had everything thrust into her hands, while he peeled off his coat and got to work. He looked younger, better, and more confident when he was working.

Magda, Martin told her, would not rehearse until later. The lights would be fixed then, and the party at the mess had been very gay—it had been late before they had driven back with their hostess. Magda had a headache. Anyway, she was doing a number she knew well, and there was really no need for her to rehearse.

Kay glanced at him quizzically. She could remember a not far distant day when the biggest star would have had to produce a better excuse than a headache and a hangover to get by with Martin. Magda was obviously a privileged person.

The first thing Martin asked her was: "That fellow that plays the piano. Did you ask him to help us out?"

KAY smiled slightly, then replied, "I sent him a note suggesting that if he were free he might care to do it."

"Will he come?"

"If he wants to he will. He's not the sort of person who runs round to oblige."

Martin grinned. "Can't we make it an order? Get a chit or something like that?"

"Afraid not. There's only one thing that will bring him."

"What's that?"

"Curiosity," said Kay blandly. Behind Martin's head in a mirror she saw the slim, well-cut figure come in, and knew, mischievously, he had heard her words. He said, very gently, "Are you talking about me?"

Kay turned quickly, almost afraid, after the emotion that had sprung so unheralded between them the night before, to find it flat and empty—something woven out of moonlight and melody, which could not face the dawn.

She waited until he came up to them, interested to see the meeting between these two so widely different men.

"Martin, this is Andrew Mayne. Andy, this is Martin Anderson."

Martin came across, his hand outstretched, exerting every ounce of his considerable charm. Kay stood back, forgetting her personal interest in these men—the past that still had the power to hurt her, the future that, because of that past, she feared to grasp. She watched them in detachment, a little amused that Martin was so determined to charm; and Andy, for all his youth and the advantages of a friendship with Martin might bring, was just not to be charmed, nor bribed nor flattered.

She saw Martin hesitate a little, baffled by the other man's personality, and the old urge to rush to his assistance and protection surged through her. She folded her hands quickly, angrily. He was a man, a clever man. He'd told her pretty brutally that he did not need her. Let him fight his own battles.

"It's pretty decent of you to turn up and do this for us," he was saying, a trifle uncertainly. "I know accompanying must be rather pedestrian work for you."

"As a matter of fact, I quite like it."

"Good. I do think as a little appreciation we should get Magda to sing the moonlight number, and announce it from the stage. I suppose they all know who you are?"

Andy said in his slow, deep voice, his eyes never leaving Martin's face:

"They don't—I'd be very glad if you wouldn't mention it."

Kay said with sudden impatience: "You're unduly modest."

He turned to face her, and there was that odd light in his eyes, mocking, yet tender. "I didn't mean to appear indifferent. It's very nice of you, Anderson. But if people don't know who you are they leave you alone, and occasionally you get a chance of doing some work. If people know who you are they are always pestering you to perform for them."

As simple as that. Quite true, and quite unaffected. She felt the color creep up her face, and turned quickly to Martin.

"I've borrowed the long curtains from the gym at our quarters. You can't have people singing against this moth-eaten country glade."

"Thanks, Kay. You think of everything." He stood there, rather absently, then turned back to the stage, examining the effect of the lighting he had arranged. Andy drifted across to the piano, tried it, and groaned, and Kay said hastily: "It's being tuned this afternoon."

"It needs it. Kay—what were you thinking about? You had such a funny, bewildered expression."

"I was thinking—about this work. Yesterday, when Martin asked me to help, it seemed so exciting. To be back with it all again. But it isn't, you know."

"The element of death and danger one works in normally is apt to make other professions rather dull."

"Andy!" she drew back, "don't be macabre. Do you mean to say that after the war I shall be bored in any other job?"

"After the war we shall all be bored, gorgeously bored. I shall go to my field of buttercups in Devon, and lie in the sunshine, and write a symphony of heavenly boredom—all soft rustlings and long, lazy chords. By the way, I go on leave next week."

She said involuntarily, the words started from her by the sudden turn in the conversation. "So do I!" and she knew he had tricked her into answering him. He played a series of highly complicated arpeggios, and said casually: "Come with me, Kay."

As she gasped, he went on quickly: "I'm going home and I'd like you to come. You'd like my home. Look, meet me the day after to-morrow—to-morrow night I'm on duty—and tell me."

There was a sound of voices, and a disturbance behind them. Andy did not turn round. He said: "Well?"

"All right," she said hurriedly, "Saturday evening. At the local." The disturbance was caused by

Magda, clad in lemon crepe and summer ermine, and almost entirely surrounded by incredibly juvenile Waafs. Evidently a contingent of off-duty people had waylaid her at the gates and besieged her with requests for autographs. She brought them in and sat down at a table to sign, while they stood round with their books.

Andy began playing the melody from the moonlight number, absently, and Magda looked sharply across, her interest caught and held by the still, vividly attractive face bent over the keys.

She rose abruptly and then went slowly across until she leaned against the piano, looking down at Andy, her light little voice taking up the melody and singing the chorus through to the end. Andy glanced up, his face enigmatic, almost expressionless, but his hands moved over the keys, accompanying her to the end of the song.

Magda put her head on one side, letting her fair hair flop about her shoulders. Kay watched Andy, a queer, sick feeling inside her, angry that this meeting should affect her like this. But Magda had taken away so much she treasured—it suddenly became of first magnitude that she should not touch this new friendship.

To be continued



Keeps Her Fit

It's your duty to keep fighting fit too! Keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking Nyal Figen, the gentle laxative. Figen is pleasant-tasting and easy to take—acts gently, yet thoroughly. Slip a bottle into your next service parcel. Nyal Figen is sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

STOP THAT COUGH

THAT HACKS AT YOUR CHEST!

Three-way benefit for colds, bronchitis or sore, red throats.



Get MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day, and from the first dose you will feel that it is doing you good. Let the warming, penetrating thymus, carra-gen and peppermint in this proven triple-acting remedy stop that rasping, hacking cough, soothe your sore, red throat, and ease your breathing. Get blessed relief in a matter of minutes. Buy MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day, under a guarantee that you get these benefits or your money back.

Mountain Mixture
PEPPERMINT

When war will be but a memory

It is good to look back to pre-war days... but how thrilling it is to look forward to and plan for the days that lie ahead, when war will be but a memory.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS

HOW YOU CAN HELP TO SAVE COAL

SWITCH OFF PROMPTLY!

Use Electric appliances less. Cut down in Lighting, Heating, and Cooking. Generating Electricity consumes coal. Coal is vitally needed for war production.



TURN THAT GAS DOWN!

Never burn gas needlessly. Never have gas higher than you need for heating, cooking, or lighting. Gas wasted means coal wasted instead of being used for war purposes.



DON'T WASTE HOT WATER!

Never wash under a running tap—use less water in your bath, in your kettle, and for washing up. Hot water takes fuel. Use a bowl, not the sink, for washing up.



Coal is vital to Victory!

Issued by the Commonwealth Coal Commission.

GE 22/21

WINTER-PROOF WOOLLENS



• Soft, honey-colored flannel is used by Dereta for this all-purpose tailored swaggar, with hip pockets set vertically into the side seams. A nigger-brown, blunt edged sailor teams with it.



• A black-and-white finely checked shirtwaist frock provides a perfect foil for Matita's suavely tailored cherry wool jacket. (Left.)



• Dereta's lime-green cashmere coat is made on tailored lines and is garnished with stitched hems on collar, revers, and down the front. Stitching also margins the enormous hip pockets.



• This camel-hair coat, designed by Dereta, features deep, useful pockets, shoulders squared without being exaggerated, and sleeves full enough to wear over a suit. Black saddle-stitching provides an effective trim.

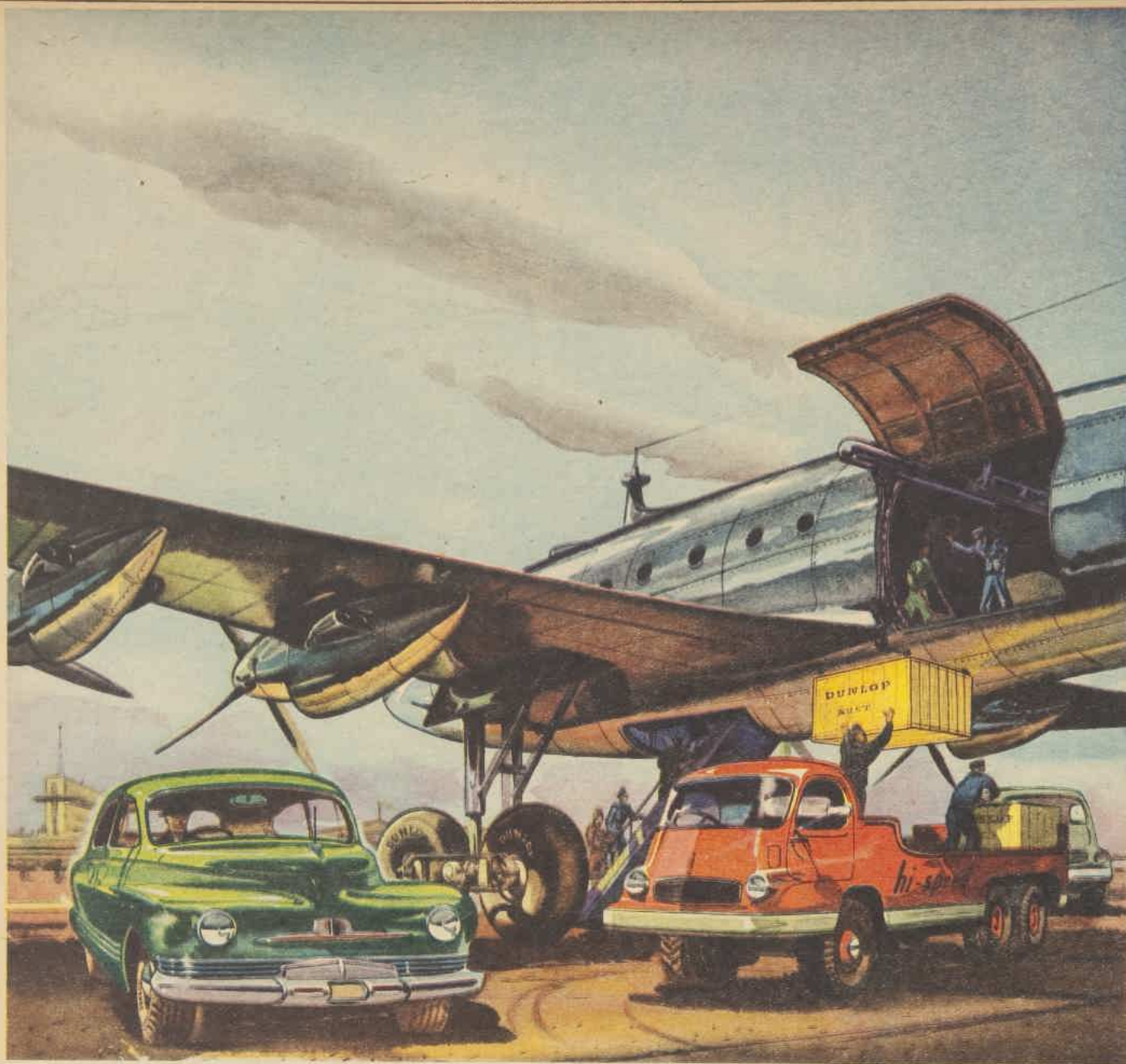


• Dorville stresses the importance of bright colors. This frock is simply designed in green-and-cream tweed, and is worn with long, slim-fitting, sleeveless jacket of scarlet velveteen.

TTRIMLY tailored styles like these are guaranteed to keep you attractive and warm as toast on chilly days. Photos airmailed from London.

• This trim suit of cream-and-brown tweed, overchecked in green, is sponsored by Simpson's, of Piccadilly, for town or country wear. To suit the occasion, sporty or glamorous accessories are added. (Right.)





Post War Transport

WILL BENEFIT FROM DUNLOP EXPERIENCE IN WAR TIME

Since the need arose Dunlop has concentrated on the manufacture of tyres and other goods for war and essential civilian purposes. In this process Dunlop technical men are adding to their already wide experience fresh knowledge which in the future will make Dunlop Tyres even better than before. The post-war era in transport will find Dunlop ready with first class products for every form of wheeled vehicle.

DUNLOP

Always first with the latest in Rubber

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED



**DUNLOP
'65'
GOLF BALLS**

are among the many Dunlop products not available at present. However, golfers can look forward to the day when even better '65's' will once again put them "first on the green."



IN HEAVY SNOW-SUITS, Marie, Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, and Annette hurry off from their new home to their schoolhouse. Their faithful St. Bernard accompanies them.

Dionne Quins, at 10, lead quiet life

The Dionne Quins, now ten years old, are leading an ordinary family life for the first time in their lives. United with parents and brothers and sisters in their big, new home, they are no longer exhibited to the curious gaze of thousands of tourists.

BECAUSE of this they will probably grow up to regard 1944 as the most important year of their lives. They'll remember it as the year when, having ceased to be curiosities, they found a chance to develop as five ordinary little girls, as much like any others as their sensational history allows.

Though one phase of their career is over, they still have contracts that bring them in an annual income of £9375.

A reserve of £312,500 to their credit cannot be touched until they are of age.

They celebrated their tenth birthday on May 28, and here, briefly, is their little—but unique—history:

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

BARKO
CONDITION POWDERS
FOR YOUR DOG
1/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

• 1934
"AT Callender, Canada, on May 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Olivia Dionne, five daughters."

Under the care of a white-haired doctor, Dr. Allan Dafoe, they are born in a farmhouse into a family of six children.

The Government of Ontario's first gift to them is to pay their daily washing bill.

They are named Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie.

• 1935
THE Quins live in an air-conditioned hospital opposite their parents' home. Behind eight large windows they lie in their cribs, and tourists from all over the country come to press their noses against the glass.

To prevent exploitation of the children, the Canadian Government takes over the care of them.

Contracts and presents to them amount to £37,000.

On their first birthday they broadcast their infant gurgles.

• 1936
THE Quins are made wards of the King and the first film featuring them—"The Country Doctor"—is released in America.

Emilie is the first Quin to talk. She says "Mama."

Yvonne, tallest of the five, is the first to walk.

They now possess £5000 each.

Tourist trade enriches Ontario, their home State, to the extent of £500,000.

• 1937
SPECIAL swimming pool and playground are built at the hospital. Quins make their second film.

They learn to wash their own faces and comb their hair.

Their bank account mounts up to £143,691.

• 1938
THEY receive fan mail from all over the world.

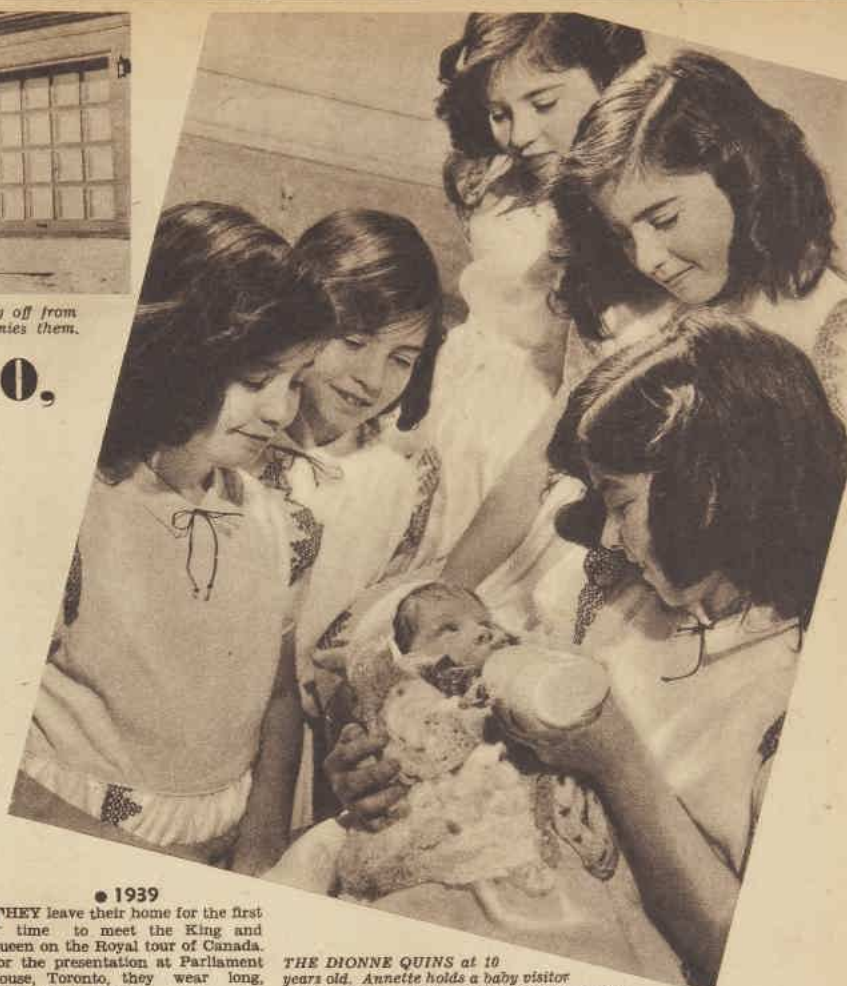
Three hundred scientists from the United States and Canada meet in Toronto to discuss treatises on the Quins.

The girls are rapidly learning to speak. They talk only in French. Their third picture is "Five of a Kind."

Tourist trade still grows, and the Quins are Callender's "basic industry."



FAMOUS FIVE on their first birthday, which they celebrated with a milk party.



THE DIONNE QUINS at 10 years old. Annette holds a baby visitor to the Dionne home while (left to right) Yvonne, Emilie, Cecile, and Marie crowd round delightedly.

• 1939
THEY leave their home for the first time to meet the King and Queen on the Royal tour of Canada. For the presentation at Parliament House, Toronto, they wear long, frilly, white frocks.

Dr. Dafoe resigns from the Quins' guardianship as the climax of a long feud with the parents.

He continues to act as the children's personal physician.

• 1940
CHILDREN donate £250 to the Red Cross funds of their home town.

At six years of age the children enjoy lessons in music, drawing, dancing, and domestic arts.

They buy War Bonds.

• 1941
AN Australian dentist, Dr. Alan McKay, assists in the annual inspection of the children's teeth.

Children help war effort by packing up ditty-bags (hussies) for Canadian and British sailors.

• 1942
QUINS are photographed for the first time with their parents and brothers and sisters.

They make public appearances to aid Canadian Victory Loans.

• 1943
ALL wear shoulder-length hair. Owing to war restrictions on travel fewer people visit Callender.

• 1944

THE Quins move into a new home where they live with their parents and brothers and sisters.

House is opposite little farmhouse of their birth.

Feature of home is huge sofa specially built so that the Quins can sit on it with their father and mother.



Women who lead the strenuous life

Public appreciation of the value of 'Phyllosan' increases every day, and in times of abnormal stress the revitalising effect of these wonderful little tablets is more than ever acceptable.

The fame of 'Phyllosan' has spread throughout the world and, in the words of a leading medical journal, it "has stood the test of time and the developments indicated suggest a still wider use of this product in the future."

The revitalising effect of a course of 'Phyllosan' tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

We say again that, if you take 'Phyllosan' tablets regularly, we believe the results will astonish you.

PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Nidoni Chemicals Ltd., London

Don't spend—Lend! Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.

FOOD *for Growth...*



Bournville Cocoa is a grand food for growing children. Milk in itself is a valuable food, but when Bournville Cocoa and a little sugar are added, you obtain 45 per cent. more nutriment than from milk alone. Moreover, in Bournville Cocoa you provide a drink that is welcomed by children who often refuse milk. The rich, chocolaty flavour of Bournville Cocoa is the secret.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

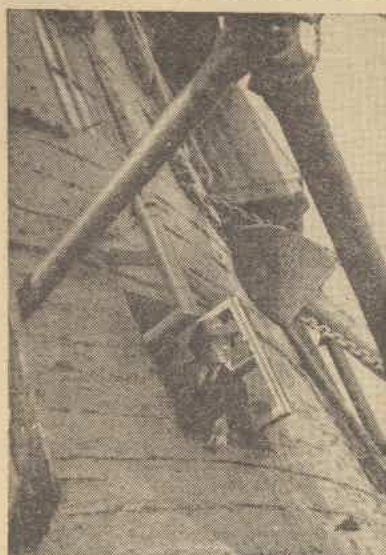
Made by the Makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate



THE
WARTIME
PACKET



Women's share in heat and burden of invasion



MEMBER of the Women's Royal Naval Service looks out to sea. Wrens were on duty at ports from which invasion craft left for France.



GIRLS of the Auxiliary Territorial Service on duty. Many A.T.S. were seen driving Bren carriers and other vehicles in invasion convoys.



U.S. NURSES in a field hospital help with a blood transfusion. American nurses are already in France, and British nurses are to join them soon.

Servicewomen and nurses working long hours on many vital jobs

Cabled by RONALD MONSON, noted Australian war correspondent

W.A.A.F. nursing orderlies have already flown to France on duty and hundreds more, as well as members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, are standing by ready to go over at any moment.

One waiting Waaf has a wreath of laurel which she is going to drop on France when she goes over. It's for her husband, a Rhodesian to whom she was married for seven weeks before he was killed in the famous Lancaster raid on Augsburg.

HER spirit is typical of women now in the Services in England. I find they all want the honor of sharing in the tremendous task of liberation, and many of them are already doing big jobs on the English side of the Channel.

Waiting members of the A.T.S. have been issued with new uniforms, and "six of everything," and have all in readiness to move out.

For the past three months the W.A.A.F. nursing orderlies have been flying as part of air crews, and some of them have quite a formidable number of air hours in their logs.

They're all petite, for they have been picked because of weight.

They have had nursing training, and they're now ready to go over in ambulance planes when the time comes.

In air-crew suits, and wearing the "asp and staff" of the Medical Ser-

vice, they were the first British Servicewomen to set foot on the Continent.

"All the others are on their toes waiting to do the job," said Sydney Holder, of S.A., a warrant-officer with Transport Command.

"They are now our stiffest interrogators when we return from flights over France, rushing to ask 'How long do you think it will be before the rest of us go with you?'"

Many of their comrades in uniform have already spent the most thrilling fortnight of their lives in helping with the Second Front.

For instance, sitting in a barely furnished little office overlooking an English harbor as D-Day dawned were two twenty-two-year-old Wrens. They had been there all night. They were waiting orders to get the first of the invasion ships under way.

To them had been entrusted one of the greatest secrets of the war—the hour and day of the invasion.



NURSES in the kitchen of a casualty evacuation train. British civilian nurses have been organized to staff these trains carrying Second Front casualties to hospital.

They had to know, for they were personal assistants to the New Zealand commander, who is the principal harbor-master of the port.

To-day I talked to them as they paused between issuing orders over the phone to various invasion craft, ordering them to their respective berths or giving them orders to sail.

Each decision was the commander's, but they passed the orders on, and in his absence, they had the responsibility of carrying on alone.

Neither has had any leisure since D-Day.

They're working 14 hours a day

and sometimes throughout the night. Their chief has been working 20 hours a day. Yet they find time to keep themselves looking fresh and wakeful.

Sometimes they had to pass on orders to very senior officers.

Said one: "We don't exactly order Admirals about. We know just how respectful we have to be."

They have seen General Eisenhower and Mr. Churchill since they have been on the job and got a great thrill out of seeing the leaders at such a time as the present.

On D-Day I was passing down to the docks when a long line of tanks and Bren carriers roared past.

I was astonished to see through

the visor-like windscreen of the Bren carrier a very pretty face surmounted by a tin hat, beneath which a mass of golden hair escaped.

The next vehicle was driven by a hard-faced Tommy, but the next two were also driven by young girls in the uniform of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

They were in line with men in taking these rattling tracked vehicles down to invasion craft for loading for France. It takes more than ordinary skill to drive tracked vehicles, but these roared by with the girls at the wheel handling them like veterans.

Down on the quayside, which is really in our support lines now the invasion has started, I saw a group of civilian nurses who had been organized for the invasion.

They staff a casualty evacuation train which was waiting for wounded from France.

Sister Sheila Clarke, a Londonite who is in charge, said they had done the same after Dunkirk and similar work throughout the blitz.

They get wounded on to the train, give them hot drinks, and if necessary an injection of penicillin, or administer M. and B. or morphia.

"We live on the train, sleeping on blankets on the floor," said Sister Clarke. "The train is made up of vans which before the invasion carried fish and baggage. They are fitted up with rests for stretchers, and the men are carried off in the same stretchers on to which they were placed on the beaches."

"The train crew consists of three sisters, three doctors, 13 V.A.s, and eight male orderlies."

"About a third of the wounded we have carried so far have been Germans. They were mostly young—one was only fifteen—very docile and grateful for the treatment received."

"There was one arrogant young Nazi among them who loudly boasted he was a sniper who had killed 48 of our men."

"He had his jaw smashed. He was captured by Commandos. I don't know how he got his jaw smashed!"

A shower is being constructed on the quayside. When it's finished the sisters and V.A.s are going to have their first bath in a week. They are just a few more of the women of England who are on the job all the time these days.

American nurses are already in France, and some British detachments are to go soon.

Women are indeed very close to the front line in this invasion.

Australian girls in A.T.S. are on job, too

Cabled by MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

More than 200 Australian girls serving in the Auxiliary Territorial Service played their part in the launching of the Second Front.

DRIVING in convoys, they went sleepless and almost foodless as the first great invasion force swung south for the concerted dawn attack.

Dusty and red-eyed, but in cheerful spirits, A.T.S. drivers were on the job till landing craft were crammed with vehicles they had driven. Then they returned to bring up more supplies.

These officers and auxiliaries, who wear "Australian" flash on their shoulders, are working at jobs the A.T.S. have taken over from men.

Private R. G. Cole, who was born

in charge of a platoon of the A.T.S., employed on similar work at an armored fighting vehicle depot, is Subaltern Mary Bowman, who was educated at Sydney High School, lived at Manly, and worked in Sydney before coming to England.

Lance-Corporal Doreen Marlow is driving a staff car. She left Australia in 1931, where she was born at Toodyay, W.A. Joining the A.T.S. in 1941 as a driver, Doreen passed as an ambulance driver, and on return trips from the coast will carry wounded arriving from Normandy beaches.

Private Lorna Drysdale, of Manning Road, East Malvern, is helping to maintain communications in Western Command, as a dispatch rider.

Other girls who maintain communications are those working with the Royal Corps of Signals.

Lance-Sergeant Barry-Bartell has

been switchboard operator with the Royal Signals for four years. She was born in Sydney, and was in the theatrical profession.

A drawing made by Private Wallace, of Melbourne, may help soldiers speed repairs to vehicles in the middle of the invasion. She is one of the A.T.S. mechanical draughtswomen.

Corporal June Morgan is at an ordnance depot near London, which has its whole packing devoted to supplies for overseas.

At the same depot Junior Commander Elizabeth Courtensy, who has broadcast with the A.B.C., is one of three A.T.S. technical officers. Elizabeth went to Frensham, is a daughter of the late Dr. Elliot Brown, and married to a paratroop doctor, Captain Brian Courtensy.

Another Australian at the depot, who works in the Quartermaster's stores, is Lance-Corporal Diana Freeman, of Coogee.

Editorial

JUNE 24, 1944

LONG, HARD ROAD AHEAD

THE first shock of excitement at the opening of the Second Front is over.

The world has settled down grimly to watch a gruelling campaign.

Following the early success in Normandy, Mr. Churchill issued a solemn warning against over-optimism.

"It should be remembered," he said, "that great dangers and enormous exertions lie ahead."

It is against this sober statement that all estimates of success must be measured.

The "battle of the beaches" has been won in Normandy.

Yet that battle nicked only a tiny piece out of the Germans' huge "Atlantic Wall."

The German air force and army reserves were obviously being held back.

Once the landings were secure, the most cheering feature of the news was the gain of a mile of territory here and two miles there, but the overwhelming superiority of Allied morale.

Said General Montgomery: "British and American troops have their tails right up and have the measure of the Germans."

Once that feeling of proud self-confidence has been created, the enemy had better look out.

He may fight every fool of the way from Normandy to Berlin, but there is no hope for him.

True, the British Army that withdrew from Dunkirk had felt confident enough in the beginning.

But Britain now is a different proposition from Britain in 1940.

Her illusions have dropped from her.

Her people, as well as her soldiers, have the measure of the Germans.

With the Americans at their side they will press on relentlessly to the end.

Sailors' accounts of Sabang attack

Unforgettable sight of great Allied fleet

The smashing Allied attack from sea and air on Sabang, Dutch East Indies, is the subject of two letters this week.

A petty-officer and an able-seaman of the Royal Australian Navy give vivid personal accounts of the action when docks, wharves, and barracks were blasted from the air and by the Eastern Fleet.

The petty-officer tells his story in a letter to Mrs. J. Morris, 65 Louis St., Merrylands, N.S.W.:

"At the moment we are keyed-up with excitement over our recent action."

"The Eastern Fleet made its first strike against the Japs from this part of the world."

"We were proud and thrilled to be included in the striking force."

"We did not know what lay ahead when we started out, but our confidence and morale was very high."

"As we steamed out with such a large force of warships and aircraft-carriers it was an unforgettable sight, and we were on the punching end this time."

"Our objective was Sabang, Dutch East Indies. My impression of the action gave me great admiration for those carrier pilots; they did a job and a half."

"We had only one fighter shot down in the sea. One of our submarines immediately surfaced; saved the pilot, and dived again."

"Our revenge was swift. Three Jap bombers shot down in a few minutes. Their pilots were not saved."

"The enemy lost 25 bombers and had two ships sunk and three left on fire, in addition to what our bombers did to Sabang Harbor, where the damage was terrific."

"They got the aerodrome, with 22 planes on the ground, Jap barracks, oil and petrol tanks, and harbor installations were all left in flames."

"A little taste of what the Jap may expect in the near future."

"After the action, when we were returning at night, a force of Jap torpedo-bombers came out after us. We were expecting them, however, and we had a nice reception awaiting them—a nice fireworks display was accorded them when they came within range from all guns of the fleet."

"I think they were offended, because they turned and darted for home very quickly."

Able-seaman D. J. Doyle, of Brisbane, gives his version of the attack in a letter to Miss S. Swain, 41 Watkin Street, Merewether, N.S.W.:

"We left port one day to have a definite crack at the Japanese. We did crack them, and pretty hard, too. We steamed to a place called Sabang, which is near the northern end of Sumatra, in the East Indies."

"So complete and successful was the raid that we did not suffer a single casualty."

"The Japs received a hammering that they will not forget for some time to come, which, of course, is very satisfying, as many of the boys have old scores to settle."

"Upon our return to port we received from Admiral Somerville a signal expressing his satisfaction at the operation just completed."

A member of the R.A.A.F. in Northern Australia to his mother in Tasmania:

"We had a few short films shown last night."

"Most of the laughs were during the scenes between reels, because



WINTRY WEATHER for these R.A.A.F. boys photographed in Canada. Left to right: Sgt. Pat Ryan, F/Sgt. Harold Watts, F/Sgt. Max Taylor, and F/Sgt. Jimmy Taylor. Photo sent by Mrs. W. Watts, 32 Albert Street, Gladesville, N.S.W.



MERCHANT NAVY BOYS on the Empire State Building, New York, with their American hostess, Mrs. Otto H. Hafner. The boys are Cadet Milton Buckleton, Third Officer Alan Harper, and Cadet Robert Porter, all of Sydney, N.S.W. Photo sent by Mr. A. E. Buckleton, 18 The Strand, Croydon, N.S.W.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2/6. For shorter extracts 1/6, or 5/- to paid.

F/Sgt. S. R. Tebbutt, R.A.A.F., with a Lancaster squadron in England, to his sister, Miss Millie Tebbutt, Gympie, Qld.:

"We spent the first two days of our leave in Edinburgh. First we caught a bus to Forth Bridge. It is a ripper bridge, just a mass of steel girders."

"We took the ferry across the Forth, and she was one of the old paddle wheel steamers, and rolled all over the shop. Every time a wave broke over the front of the ferry you'd get as wet as a shag."

"At Holyrood Palace we were only allowed to see a couple of rooms. On the walls of the banquet hall are really marvellous paintings, and, boy, are they worth some money? They date back to 707—a bit ancient, eh?"

"The first night we were in London there was a raid. I was so tired I didn't even wake up, but my cobbler, who was sleeping by the window, was blown out of bed."

"Next day we went to see St. Paul's Cathedral. It is marvellous how that place still stands. For miles round it the buildings have been blasted to the ground, but there it still stands practically undamaged."

Gnr. R. W. Thomas, with the snake and dog he tells about in the letter below.

Gnr. R. W. Thomas, somewhere in Australia, to his aunt, Miss N. Millbourn, 504 Glenhunting Road, South Caulfield, Vic.:

"I WAS trying to think of something to write about, when the dog, who was under the table near my feet, started to growl, and I heard something stir behind me."

"I thought it was the wind, so I just naturally turned my head to see if I was right, and about two feet away, sliding down one of the sappings, was a snake."

"I could easily have touched him with my hand, but no, not me, I just gave one leap and was out of the door."

"I went over to my tent and said to Bluey, my cobbler, 'Do you want to kill a snake?'"

"He comes from the bush, you see, so he sprang out of bed, grabbed a stick, and killed it with two hits. We measured it, and it was 5ft. 6in. long. It only had a very thin body, about 1in. wide, and a big head."

J. Richards, somewhere in New Guinea, to his wife, Mrs. Richards, Liverpool Street, Port Lincoln, S.A.:

"OUR concert went over well. Didn't know we had so much talent round. We had songs and sketches, and finished up with a quiz session."

"Even managed to borrow a piano for the occasion. The lads rigged up a very good stage, complete with everything, and an artist we have in our midst decorated things a bit. They even borrowed some colored lights from somewhere, to say nothing of a female impersonator. Even the boongs laughed at her or him as the case might be."

"We paid a visit to a native village and had an enjoyable although tiring day."

"The native kids are funny; they come up, 'You my friend?' If the answer is right, 'Me your friend,' and then very quickly, 'Got candy?'"

"The lads nearly all took some lollies with them from past experience, and had much fun playing Santa Claus. And did the kids hang round!"



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week is an important one for many people.

The sun moves from the sign Gemini into that of Cancer. Thus, for several weeks after June 22, conditions will be improved for Cancerians, Scorpions, Pisceans, and Virgoans and Taurians.

Until June 22 Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians are favored most of all.

After June 24 Sagittarians will have an easier time, but Capricornians, Librans, and Arians will have to be careful to avoid trouble, discord, and losses.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 20 helpful, but thereafter take things quietly for some weeks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): June 22 (except forenoon) very fair. June 26 (to sunset) good for semi-important matters. Work hard.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Work and plan well on June 20, when changes, improvements, and new ventures are favored. June 22 (except 7 to 11 a.m.) very helpful. Be confident and enterprising.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): June 20 can be surprisingly good. Start new ventures or seek advancement and favors. June 22 fair. June 23 (afternoon) fair, balance unpredictable. June 25 (4 p.m.) good. June 26 excellent. June 27 fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): June 20 good. June 25 (midday hours) fair. June 26 very fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be cautious on June 20 and 21, but June 22 mildly helpful. June 23 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair. June 26 helpful. June 27 mixed.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A mixed week, so be cautious. June 20 excellent, then be cautious for several weeks.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): June 20 helpful. June 22 unpredictable, possibly fair. June 23 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair. June 25 (forenoon to 4 p.m.) good. June 26 excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be cautious on June 20 to 22. June 23 (early afternoon) - fair. June 24 (forenoon) and June 25 (to 4 p.m.) fair. June 26 deceptive. June 27 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): A week for caution, so keep to routine tasks, especially on June 21, 22, and 23.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Keep busy on June 20. June 21 very fair. Matters started then can prove successful; thereafter take things more quietly.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A very mixed week, so be cautious. Live quietly on June 20 and 21. June 22 and 23 somewhat better; rest of week poor. Thereafter some good weeks possible.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Animal Antics



"Smile, Annabelle, he's a photographer for the newspapers."



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are mixed up in the wrestling game because **SHARPY:** A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract, and gets Mr. Joe, a fight promoter, to sign Lothar and the Champ for an important match. Meanwhile,

NAILS: A gangster, kidnaps Lothar, bets Sharpy ten thousand he won't fight. The crowd is at the stadium, and Nails is about to collect his money. But Lothar has escaped. To Nails' horror he makes his way to the stadium, despite an injured arm. **NOW READ ON:**





F/O. FRED BLAKENEY, of Kew, Vic., one of the pilots who took part in the invasion.



W/CDR. TOM LANG, A.F.C., R.A.F., whose wife was formerly Mollie Goodall, of Cremorne.



GLIDERS being towed by Whitley bombers at a training unit in England for pilots of Army airborne divisions. Huge numbers of gliders, towed by transports, landed troops in Normandy.

Australian airmen on supply run across Channel

Glider procession like trams to Cricket Ground, said navigator

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON from a forward base of R.A.F. Transport Command, England

At a base somewhere in England I have met many R.A.A.F. boys who are playing their part in the invasion of Europe.

They have towed in gliders, dropped paratroops, and carried reinforcements and supplies for the men who are extending our beach-head in France.

AIRBORNE troops shared the airfield and mess with air crews as they waited and trained for invasion day.

The paratroops sang as they adjusted and readjusted their equipment on the way to Normandy.

F/Sgt. William Baynes, of Terowie, S.A., said: "They sang like birds, those airborne boys. Their spirits were high

after the months of training and waiting. Nothing could damp their ardor."

These pilots of Transport Command fly unarmed at a very low level into battle areas.

Many of them are veterans of the war of supply by air. They have run men and equipment to Burma, Salerno, to Taranto, and the Dodecanese Islands, and they learned much of their tactics from Wingate's Chindits.

"Our first trip across was just

like an exercise," said F/Sgt. Frank Dodson, of Perth.

He flew one of the last of a long stream of Dakotas which towed gliders.

"The ground was already studded with gliders when we released ours; but he found a place for himself and got down all right."

F/O. Wallace Campbell, of Rockbank, Melbourne, who also flew a Dakota, said: "Caen was enveloped in smoke. We saw little of the actual fighting, but on our second trip saw plenty of evidence that the paratroops we had dropped earlier were well on the job."

"Normandy was dotted with fires, and explosions could be observed some miles inland."

On the second trip the squadron carried in jeeps, guns, ammunition, medical equipment, and supplies of blood plasma, as well as reinforcements of paratroopers.

"Everything went according to plan," said F/O. Fred Blakeney, of Kew, whose wife lives in Griffith, N.S.W.

"The beachhead was quiet and well under control when we made our second trip."

"As we crossed the coast one of our ships opened up on the battery and the rather eerie silence was



F/Sgt. RONALD ENGLISH, of Malvern, Victoria.

broken by the steady explosion of shells."

W/O. Roy Ward, of Ashfield, a navigator, said: "Yes, it was a perfect sight. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Great spurts of flame would shoot up, and away in the distance there would be another explosion as the full fury of the invasion gripped the country behind the Normandy beaches."

England quiet-thinking of boys in France

Cabled by E. W. MACALPINE, our London Editor

Except in places where the bustle of embarkation can be seen, England is very quiet just now.

"I've never known it so quiet down this end of the town," said the landlady of an inn which has stood for 300 years on the fringe of the Sussex Downs. "Never since I don't know when."

I LOOKED out of the window straight up the main street. There was an Army lorry coming southward.

A dog darted across from one pavement to the other. An elderly woman stood looking in a grocer's shop window. And that was all.

"We never had very many soldiers down this end, but what we had seem to have disappeared. And civilians don't come in much. They don't seem to be about the town at all," the landlady went on.

"People are worried about their sons and husbands already over there. And they don't think this is the time to be gadding about."

I think the landlady of the inn described exactly how England feels these days.

And also why everything throughout southern England seems so unnaturally quiet.

This doesn't apply to the lads themselves. I watched some of them embarking at a south coast port. Tough, healthy, hearty, they went aboard as if they hadn't a care in the world. Once aboard, they lined the ship's rails and when a trim young Wren, with her golden hair peeping out beneath her sailor's cap, walked down the quay they chinked and whistled.

When she didn't respond they

began a rhythmic chanting in time to her steps.

Before embarking, they stood in "column of three"—a queue it would be called if they were civilians—with that patience that only the soldier knows.

They were laden with equipment, they carried every imaginable sort of small arms, and their helmets were camouflaged with twigs.

It was hard to believe that some of them wouldn't come back, and others would return all too soon aboard hospital ships. But that seemed not to trouble them in the slightest.

The platform where they detrained was an ordinary railway station with civilian trains passing through.

The soldiers hardly gave civilian travellers a glance, and the civilians scarcely bothered to look at the soldiers.

That this strange absence of excitement in England isn't due to indifference was illustrated by a Wren officer working in one embarkation port.

Her job is to board ships before they sail and see that they've everything needed.

"The way civilians are co-operating with the Navy is simply wonderful," she said.

"We've only got to make it known that we want some particular thing



ARMED MOTOR-CYCLES travelling through an English village. British people became so accustomed to troop manoeuvres that they take the invasion activity without any particular display of excitement.

to have half a dozen offers within a few minutes."

Her fiancé, who is in the Navy, sailed with one of the first ships of the invasion fleet.

At another southern port debarkation of wounded was going on, while on the other side of the harbor men were embarking.

Walking wounded were full of pep and very cheerful.

That might be expected. But as stretcher cases were being carried down almost every one of them gave the thumbs-up sign.

No fuss, no heroics—about going. No fuss, no heroics—about coming back on stretchers.

Just the lift of a thumb or maybe a wink.

Not all of the ships coming back carry wounded. More of them carry German prisoners. And they come ashore for the most part either de-

jected and bedraggled looking, or cheerful and smiling.

"In the last batch we had in here, there were no more than three heel-clickers in the lot, and 'Heiling Hitler' seems to be completely forgotten," a Navy man told me.

Lorryloads of German prisoners passing through coastal towns excite little interest, either.

For that matter, they don't draw any particular attention even in London.

War is no spectacle for the people of Britain, nothing to stare at, nothing to cheer or jeer at.

It's something to be wrought, fought, and won.

"Let's get on with it," is the mood of to-day.

The British are noted for understatement. Understatement in action and display of emotion as well as in words.

Ambulance unit

F/O. BILL GORDON, of Charters Towers, who carried a field ambulance unit that parachuted down with the troops, told me:

"We could see the streams of gliders going smoothly to earth as medics with stretchers and equipment strapped to their bodies went down with their men."

"It was a terrific airborne landing. There wasn't much flak, but a few planes were lightly holed."

F/O. John Shannon thought the streams of gliders were like the streams of trams to the Cricket Ground on a Saturday.

"There were hundreds and hundreds of gliders in double streams going in and coming out," he said.

Some of the airborne troops took mascots with them.

F/Sgt. Ronald English, of Malvern, Vic., said that in the glider which he towed the troops took a black crow in a cage.

Airborne troops weren't the only ones to take a mascot.

The squadron C.O., W/CDR. Tom Lang, A.F.C., R.A.F., took "P/O. Beedie Bear," a mascot given him by his wife, formerly Mollie Goodall, of Cremorne, Sydney.

P/O. Bear's log shows that he has already flown with supplies into Burma and Sicily, and now he is a mascot for the invasion of the Continent.

France sees dawn of the day of liberation



PEASANT WOMEN OF FRANCE. Their lined faces reflect the bitter struggle of the French civilian for existence during the years of German occupation.



FRENCH SKILLED MECHANICS. Their faces reflect the indomitable spirit of France, which now looks forward to its liberation.

Underground movement emerging into open after four years' struggle

By cable from our London office

When the Allied armies marched into the first towns they took in France, welcoming citizens, delirious with excitement, surged around the British and American troops.

"I drink to the execution of Hitler and that fat pig, Goering," shouted a Frenchman as he held aloft a glass.

A woman produced a tricolor she had kept hidden for four years.

TO have kept that national flag, when its possession might have meant her death, was an action significant of the courage that has kept the French spirit unbroken through the years of German occupation.

Now that courage, that spirit, is showing itself in action as the patriots of France join the fight for freedom and use four years of secret preparation to good purpose.

Four years this month since the Germans entered Paris!

Four years since its citizens, like other citizens of France, fled, they knew not where, and returned at last to their homes, because there was no escape.

Two years ago the quisling, Laval, called the people "inert" and "stubborn" in their attitude toward collaboration.

In the intervening time he must have substituted stronger words for a people who were still "unco-operative" when 38,000 of their men and women had been shot, and 400,000 arrested.

And as the hand of Germany tightened its grip on France, as its people lived in hourly fear that at any moment they might be dragged from their homes as a hostage, the underground movement grew in strength and numbers.

Reports that reached Free French headquarters before the invasion gave the number in that secret army as anything from 200,000 to half a million.

Probably the numbers of that army will never be known exactly, for its members have included many who would never bear arms—old, frail women, young girls and boys who daily-risked their lives to give assistance to the saboteurs, the guerrillas, the spreaders of underground propaganda.

Hardly a day passed when the Germans in some way, large or small, were not hindered in France.

Trains were derailed, barracks blown up, factory machines damaged.

Only a few weeks before the invasion, came a news item telling that German officers in some towns sat with their revolvers beside their plates, so afraid were they of sudden descents from the French partisans.

In the Alpine region of the Haute Savoie, Maquis (guerrillas) harassed the Germans for two years, defeating the efforts of German and Vichy soldiers to destroy them.

The Maquis took their name from



MEMBER of the famous French unit, the Chasseurs Alpins, from which many of the Maquis (guerrillas) in the French resistance movement were drawn.

the high grass in districts of Corsica, which for centuries have provided a hiding place for bandits.

Many of the Maquis had belonged to the Chasseurs Alpins, famous French regiment.

Those French citizens who did display a conciliatory attitude toward their conquerors learned to fear the Maquis.

French girls who accepted the attentions of German soldiers, and citizens who fraternised with them in cafes, were likely to find under their plates a note from a member of the Maquis.

What temptation there must have been to fraternise, only the people of occupied countries who have lived through the years of starvation and fear can tell.

Early this year there came reports from underground channels of the pitiable plight of French children, their emaciated bodies showing the mark of four years of malnutrition.

For children have been the first

victims. They had not even the resistance of their parents.

Sixty per cent. of France's milk went to Germany. France got the rest—from tubercular cows.

Most French children were anaemic. Doctors could do little for them, or for their elders.

There were no antiseptics, no medicine, no new instruments.

When operations were performed they had to be done in unheated rooms or halls.

Thousands of orphaned children were left to roam the streets. Seven and eight-year-olds, almost naked, begged what food they could, gathered pitiful scraps from rubbish bins.

Clothing was scarce and shoddy, inadequate to keep at bay the winds of the European winter.

Second-hand clothing was collected for the relief of the poorest, but it was found that most of it had been diverted to Germany.

And while the French lived in

this poverty and misery they saw high German officers and their wives or mistresses living in luxury.

Goering's wife in Paris bought the whole of a Molyneux collection, ordered herself a housecoat lined with sable.

The Germans ate rich foods—the Parisians were advised to eat rats, "thus obtaining nourishing food and keeping down a pest," they were advised.

Yet the amazing French even managed to retain something of humor—if a bitter humor.

In one French weekly paper published last year was a picture of a large woman patting a small boy on the head.

The line beneath read: "He is getting to be quite a big boy. Soon he will be big enough to be a prisoner."

Nazi cruelty, as in all occupied countries, became more vicious as time went on.

Thousands were beaten and tortured to death, their distorted bodies left in public places to warn others.

One hundred and six civilians were burned alive when the Germans set fire to a dance hall.

They had received information that among the dancers were people connected with the underground movement.

Devastation and tragedy

IN another town the Gestapo entertained children, gave them a party, played games with them took them to the local cinema, then questioned them about their fathers.

The frightened children revealed enough to indicate the hiding places of some guerrillas, who were tracked down and shot.

Yet again, the Germans burned a cinema full of French civilians. Not one escaped.

Thousands of Frenchmen were torn from their homes and deported to Germany for forced labor.

Many other thousands have been forced to work in factories supplying the German war machine.

To all these horrors in recent months have been added the devastating raids by Allied bombers on industrial centres and the invasion coast.

Although the French knew that these bombings meant the day of liberation was at hand, they could not escape the tragedy of death and loss, even at the hand of friends.

The French expressions of joy at the arrival of Allied troops are the expressions of a people who see the end in sight.

They are too wise, their experience has been too bitter, to think that that end will come without bitter fighting, without yet more loss and devastation heaped on the tragedy of the past years.

But they know that liberation is at hand.

The Partisans

THIS song, written by a Frenchman, became the "Marseillaise" of the underground movement in France.

It was brought by a member of the underground to London, and the B.B.C. and the Voice of America broadcast it regularly back to France.

This is a literal translation of the words:

Friend, can you hear
The dark flight of the crows
O'er our plains?

Friend, can you hear
The dull cries
Of a country in chains?

Hark, partisans,
Workers and peasants!
It is the signal!

To-night, the enemy'll know,
The price of blood
And of tears!

Come up from the mines,
Descend from the hills,
O comrades!

Bring out from the straw
The guns and the rifles,
Bring out the grenades.

Harken, you killers
With ball and with knife,
Kill quickly!

Listen, you saboteurs,
Take care of your loads,
Your explosives!

It is we who will smash
The gates to the prisons
Of our brothers.

Hatred sets us on,
Hunger drives us,
And misery.

There are lands,
Where men in soft beds
Lie and dream.

But here, see you,
They march us, they kill us,
They ruin us.

Here, each one knows
What he wants, what he does
When he goes

Friend, should you fall,
Another will fight
In your place.

To-morrow, black blood
Will be drying in the sun
On the roads.

Whistle, friends . . .
In the dark Liberty
Will listen.

Friend, can you hear
The dark flight of the crows
O'er our plains?

Friend, can you hear
The dull cries
Of a country in chains?

Film Reviews

★★★★ GUADALCANAL DIARY

FOX studios have made an absorbing and exciting film from Richard Tregaskis' best-selling war book.

The cast has been skillfully selected to resemble as nearly as possible the characters of the book. William Bendix is fine as the good-natured Brooklyn taxi-driver, Lloyd Nolan's tough sergeant is completely convincing, and Preston Foster was an admirable choice for the fighting chaplain. Newcomer Richard Jaeckel does well as the trigger-happy youngster.

Based, as it is, on the factual account of a war correspondent, this film is a sincere and honest attempt to present to the world a clearly etched picture of the gallant struggle on Guadalcanal.

There is little attempt to pull any punches, but in spite of the horrors and brutality frankly presented, there are individual moments of humor, blending with high courage.—Plaza; showing.

★★★ TENDER COMRADE

THIS warmly human and dramatic story deals with war wives, and although it is essentially a woman's film most men will appreciate its sincerity and the fine, restrained acting of the stars.

Ginger Rogers handles a difficult role with ease, and gives one of her best performances. Ruth Hussey, Kim Hunter, a piquant young newcomer, and that fine character actress, Patricia Collinge, are outstanding in important supporting roles.

Edward Dmytryk's direction is worthy of very special mention. Much of the emotional impact of this film is due to his sensitive treatment of the individual dramas of the women whose husbands are in the fighting forces.—Regent; showing.

★★ UNDERCOVER

THIS film is exciting and melodramatic fare, and Michael Balcon has done his usual fine job of production, but the fight of a freedom-loving people against the Nazi invaders is pretty hackneyed.

John Clements is likeable and convincing as the head of a band of guerrillas, and Mary Morris plays his schoolteacher wife with charm.

Comedian Tom Walls makes his return to the screen in a dramatic role.—Lyceum.

YOU'RE TELLIN' I

REPUBLIC give a topical theme to their film, and feature the buxom and ungainly Judy Canova as a hillbilly girl who outsmarts a

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Nazi spy ring and becomes a national heroine.

Judy is assisted by a brash young theatrical agent, Joe E. Brown.

The story is confusing, and even the boisterous slapstick comedy does little to relieve the dullness.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

MRS. BOB HOPE has told her friends that she and Bob are planning to adopt a third baby this year.

The Blackout Murder

Continued from page 7

It would make him a snug little study.

A clock struck ten. Ord reported briskly from the couch: "He's been dead about an hour, maybe a little more, maybe a little less. Victim was hit on the skull with a blunt instrument, such as a gun barrel or a lead pipe or a hammer."

Mark became aware of Skirvin's boring stare. "What's that in your pocket?" the man demanded.

"It's a pipe wrench," Mark said. He handed it to Skirvin. "We're supposed to carry 'em in a blackout, in case there's a fire and we need to turn off gas connections."

"That's right," Sergeant Murphy put in. "I've seen it in the C.D. regulations, Skirvin."

Skirvin fingered the wrench, his eyes narrowly on Mark. "How long were you here before you phoned us?"

"Not over five minutes," Mark answered. "Who let you in?"

"No one," Mark said. "Oh! So you just opened the door and walked in?"

Mark felt a flush creeping up his cheek. "That's it," he snapped back. "What's more, I went out the back door and washed blood off my hands at a hydrant."

"Keep your shirts on, everybody," Murphy placated. "Skirvin, you take a look round the house. Conger, let you and me find out if the neighbors saw anyone leaving here."

Mark followed Murphy out and to the Hallam house next door. Wesley Hallam answered Murphy's ring. He was a big man, dressed in summer flannels, and his sports shirt was open at the throat. "What's up?" He gaped at Murphy's uniform.

"See anyone leave Sallee's house in the last hour?" Murphy asked.

"No. Why?"

"You'll hear about it later," Murphy said. "Anybody living here with you?"

"Not for the last month," Hallam answered. Mark knew what all the neighborhood knew; that Wesley Hallam had quarrelled with his wife a month ago and that the wife was now in Reno.

"You've been in the house all the evening?" Murphy persisted.

"Yes. Jimmie Dixon dropped in about seven-thirty and was with me until the siren blew about nine. Then he dashed home to see about his lights."

"Where does Dixon live?"

"At number 1901, the corner house," Hallam said.

"You didn't see anybody go into Sallee's house?"

"Nobody except Jake Purdy," Hallam said. "Jake lives across at number 1920. I saw him cross to Sallee's at about eight o'clock with a pair of hedge shears in his hand."

"Thanks. That'll be all just now."

Mark and Murphy crossed Elm Street to number 1920. A plump matron answered their knock. "We'd like to see Mr. Jake Purdy."

"My husband's not at home," the woman said. "But he just telephoned from his office. He said he'll have to stay there till the blackout's over."

"When did you see him last?"

"About eight o'clock. He was returning a pair of shears he'd borrowed from Professor Sallee. I suppose he went from there to his office."

"Thank you," Murphy said. "If he rings up again, tell him I'd like to see him over at Sallee's." He

STUDIO NEWS

OCTOGENARIAN character actor C. Aubrey Smith is radiant over the news of his knighthood, and posed for the Press in his gaudy cricket blazer. "You can call me Sir Aubrey," he said, "as nobody remembers my first name, Charles." Aubrey has ploughed up his beloved bowling green to plant vegetables, and he also keeps pigs and goats, which he insists on tending unassisted. His next film is "White Cliffs of Dover."

BAND leader Kay Kyser says he and his new bride are hoping to leave shortly on an entertainment tour overseas. Mrs. Kyser was Georgia Carroll, America's foremost cover girl.

STARLET Kay Williams is the proud possessor of a schnauzer pup, given to her by Major Clark Gable. Kay has named him D Day.

Interesting People

MR. W. H. ATHERTON

... returned servicemen
VISITING Australia on goodwill mission to U.S. Forces in South-west Pacific, Mr. W. H. Atherton is commander of American Legion, U.S. equivalent of Returned Soldiers' League. Legion has membership of 1,500,000 and has sponsored recent U.S. rehabilitation legislation. Ex-servicemen are also eligible for membership of the Legion.



MISS A. M. KELLETT

... nursing career
FAMOUS Australian nurse, Miss A. M. Kellett, C.B.E., R.R.C., who was awarded Florence Nightingale Medal in 1937 by International Red Cross for outstanding service to nursing, is retiring from active nursing practice. She has been matron of Sydney Hospital since 1921. Was matron of military hospitals in Egypt, England, and France in last war. Is president, Australian Nursing Federation.



MR. J. T. MASSEY

... Y.M.C.A.
NEWLY appointed associate national secretary, Y.M.C.A. of Australia, is Mr. J. T. Massey, of Victoria, recently returned after five years with English Y.M.C.A. National Council. He was in charge of British Y.M.C.A. with British and Allied Forces in Middle East. Before that was associated with British Ministry of Labor in its work for boys in depressed areas, many of whom are now helping in production of foodstuffs in Great Britain.



and swiping a handkerchief across his two-chinned face. "What about?"

"When you returned those hedge shears to Sallee at eight o'clock," Murphy asked, "how long did you stay here?"

"Maybe twenty minutes," Purdy said. "Sallee insisted I have a glass of port with him. I left about eight-twenty and walked to my office. It's only five blocks."

"While you were with Sallee, did anyone else call?"

"Nobody," Purdy said.

"Well, stick at home where I can find you. I might want to check with you again. You, too, Hallam."

Hallam and Purdy faded into the gloom, each toward his own house.

"Let's see if Skirvin's turned up anything," Murphy said.

In the cottage study they found that Ord had completed his examination and was covering the body with a sheet. Skirvin had wrapped up Mark's pipe wrench in a napkin, evidently taking possession of it as a possible weapon of assault. The detective thumbed toward a writing table as Murphy entered. "Take a look at a memo over there, Murphy. It says, 'See Cosgrove at ten Wednesday.'"

Murphy found the name and read it. "I wonder if it means Porter Cosgrove, the lawyer."

"Porter Cosgrove," Mark offered, "was Sallee's attorney."

Murphy called Cosgrove's residence on the phone. Mark heard him say: "This is Police-Sergeant Dan Murphy. We've found your client, Professor Sallee, murdered. Did he make an appointment with you for ten o'clock to-morrow morning? What for?"

Please turn to page 23

THE Macquarie PLAY



MRS MINIVER

Radio version of the MGM film. The story of a typical middle-class English family and how they faced the horrors of warfare on the home front.

8 p.m. **2GB** 25th June
Sunday



The Story of British Sea Power
2GB 9 p.m.
Wed.

Stories A.I.F. is telling

True tales destined to outlast most Digger fabrications

Through changing fashions in humor the A.I.F. has collected a rich store of anecdotes which, because of their authenticity, will survive all the current jokes and phrases.

Wherever the A.I.F. relaxes after the day's work—sitting on logs in the jungle, in crowded canteens, on the ground outside their tents in the early darkness, at picture shows or in hospital—you will hear one voice telling a story, then deep-throated laughter before another voice takes up another tale.

NEWEST anecdote, which the troops swear is true and is not related to stories circulated a year or so ago, concerns a pigeon.

Carrier pigeons have been posted to an operational area where they recently took part in a big combined exercise.

All the pigeons carried out their duties and returned home, except one, and the unit was very concerned about the welfare of the pigeon and the break-down in the organisation.

A dispatch rider set out to look for the pigeon. In the gathering darkness he saw the pigeon trudging along the road. It had injured a wing and was walking home.

Troops at an isolated base in New Guinea staged a Christmas party, complete with Father Christmas, for the native children.

A burly soldier, draped in a blanket, sat on a stool, with an Australian flag folded round his shoulders and cotton-wool whiskers, was accepted as bona-fide Santa Claus by the wide-eyed children.

After distributing his gifts he

stepped into a canoe with great dignity, to disappear as mysteriously as he had come round a nearby point.

The native population, however, determined to show their gratitude, leapt into their canoes and followed him out to sea.

All mystery was destroyed when Santa Claus' canoe was swamped and the benign old gentleman—minus blanket, red cape, and whiskers—was revealed as an out-of-breath soldier in tattered shorts striking out for the shore.

At a camp in the Middle East, a soldier who had been decorated for bravery and was the pride of his battalion, was on guard duty at the guard-house.

As he had risen late he was unshaven and dressed with less care than usual.

A pop-eyed comrade rushed up to him to tell him General Blamey had arrived unexpectedly to make an inspection of the camp.

Unhaken, the bearded hero ran into the guard-house, hurriedly gave his rifle and equipment to his prisoner, and swapped places with him.

General Blamey may still be wondering what lapse had landed such a distinguished soldier in the brig.

During his tour of New Guinea, the Minister for the Army, Mr. Forde, very neatly dressed, came upon a party of engineers, knee-deep in mud, repairing a crossing.

Mr. Forde, impressed and interested in the good job they were doing, tried to engage some of the engineers in conversation, but their answers were terse and brief.

Undaunted, Mr. Forde tried to explain who he was and why he was there.

"I'm the Army Minister," he said tentatively.

"Blimey, we're glad to see you," one said. "We haven't seen any of you pades round for ages."

For a big military exercise recently thick bamboo was needed to assist in a river crossing.

Men detailed to obtain the bamboo were told they must ask permission

SOLDIER PATIENTS in one of the largest Army hospitals under canvas, somewhere in Australia, swap stories just before "Lights Out."

from the landowner before they cut any of it.

They returned with a large consignment, and the officer asked, "Are you sure you asked for permission?"

"Well, there was a chap sitting on the side of the road, and we asked him and he said it was all right," one of the men replied.

"Pull your head in" is the latest slang phrase among the A.I.F. in Australia.

It has replaced "Wouldn't it?" and conveys much the same meaning as "Be your age," or "Break it down."

It originated from an old saying, "Pull your head in. It looks like a cattle truck."



Radio dramatisation of popular film

A radio dramatisation of the film "Mrs. Miniver" is the Macquarie play from 2GB on Sunday, June 25, at 8 p.m.

The radio version has retained the simplicity and appeal of this famous story by Jan Struther, which depicts so well the English way of life.

THE story of Mrs. Miniver and her family, and how they faced the days of the blitz and Dunkirk, carries a message of courage which has inspired thousands.

Its appeal is no less to-day, now that the tide of war has turned in Britain's favor, for courage and faith will be needed just as greatly in the days that lie ahead.

"Mrs. Miniver" originated from a series of articles written by Jan Struther for the London "Times."

They were subsequently published in book form in 1940, and were then filmed.

The original articles dealt with a typical English middle-class family, told of their ambitions and hopes, their work and their relaxation.

Round these characters was woven the story for the film, which covered the early days of the war and the blitz, and the effect on the life of Mr. and Mrs. Miniver.

Through this story of the family was reflected the suffering, the indomitable spirit of the English people as a whole.

In the radio version Mr. and Mrs. Miniver (Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson in the film) will be played by Owen Ainley and Thelma Scott. Kevin Healy will be Vincent Miniver, and Joan Lord will be Carol Beldon.

Lady Beldon will be played by Aileen Grahame, and Mr. Ballard, the stationmaster, by Alfred Hirstowe.

Richard Ashley will take the part of the vicar.

MURPHY LISTENED The Blackout Murder

Continued from page 22

for an instant minute. Then he turned to Skirvin. "The lawyer says Sallee phoned him about seven o'clock this evening. Sallee told him that in spading up a backyard garden he'd found something of value. He said it had probably been the property of a Captain Kincaid, who died here seven years ago."

"Sallee wasn't sure whether he should turn the find over to the heirs of Kincaid, if any, or whether he was entitled to keep it himself. He made an appointment to talk over the legal aspects with Cosgrove. That's all Cosgrove knows."

"Now we're gettin' somewhere," Skirvin said. His eyes fixed on Mark Conger. "Was it a wad o' money?"

"Sallee only called it 'something of value,'" Murphy said.

"The old man was bumped off for it," Skirvin guessed.

"Let's go see where he dug it up," Murphy said. He snapped on his flashlight, and led the way out through the kitchen.

"There was a cat in here," Mark mentioned. "How did it get out?"

"You must've let it out yourself," Skirvin said. "Because I frisked the joint all over, and I didn't see any cat."

"I'm sure I didn't let the cat out," Mark insisted. "I remember shutting the door behind me."

But when they went out into the backyard, Murphy's flashlight revealed the cat there.

Half the backyard was spaded up. At the last and freshest row of spading they found an excavation about two feet deep.

"Sallee's spade blade," Murphy concluded, "must have hit something. Maybe the top of an old metal box. So he dug deeper, and got the thing out." Kneeling by the hole he reported that there was a rectangular cavity with firm clay walls, clearly the exact shape of some receptacle which had been buried there.

Skirvin measured the rectangle accurately. "Eight by twelve inches," he announced. "It was a boxful of dough, most likely."

Murphy dissembled. Mark, and Mark returned to his duties as black-out warden. Out on the front walk he looked both ways and could see no violations. Elm Street was trafficless and dark.

He walked south to 19th Street, and at the corner house saw Jim Dixon on the front steps. "You were at Hallam's earlier this evening, weren't you?" Mark asked him.

"Yes. Why?"

"What time did you leave him?" "I was with him until the siren sounded," Dixon said. "Then I beat it home to see about my lights."

Nineteenth Street being the south limit of Mark's patrol, he turned back north toward 23rd. Dixon's statement, he thought, gave Hallam a clear alibi.

For surely Sallee would have switched off his lights if he had been alive at 8.58.

Hallam's house was dark as Mark repressed it going north. Three cars were still parked in front of 1923, but the Gerson party had quieted down. Mark continued on into the next block. His watch said 10.45.

He was passing number 2037 when he saw a light. It was in the garage at the rear, and the garage door was ajar.

This was the Mayfield place. The Mayfields were supposed to be holidaying at the beach.

Why should their garage be lighted? Clearly it was Mark's duty to extinguish it. He hurried back to the garage, and through the half-open door saw that a hanging light bulb was burning. Mark stepped inside to switch it off.

Something hard and heavy crashed on his head. Stunned, Mark Conger buckled to the garage floor.

When he came to his senses the garage was dark. Pain made his head throb. His wife groped slowly for a fox. His wrist-watch said forty minutes after midnight. It meant that he'd been out for nearly two hours.

He began searching through his pockets. Nothing had been taken from his wallet. A flashlight still weighed his left coat pocket. A warden's whistle hung from his neck. Nothing seemed to be missing. Then why had he been assaulted?

Street lights were now glowing on Elm Street, so he knew that the all-clear had sounded. He went out to the front walk and turned homeward.

Detective Skirvin was waiting on Mark's front steps. "So yuh decided to come home?" Skirvin rasped.

Mark told him about being assaulted in a garage.

"Oh, yeah?" Skirvin jeered. "You didn't beat it to Tenth and Birch?"

"No. Why would I go there?"

Mark was seething, but he tried to keep his voice calm.

"Because that's where we found the money-box," Skirvin said. "In a gutter on Birch just off Tenth Street. A mile from here."

"The money-box?"

"I mean a rusty brass box eight by twelve by six inches. A box with 'C.K.' on it, and fouled with clay where Cap Clint Kincaid buried it in his backyard."

"What was in it?"

"Don't kid me," Skirvin jeered. "And Mark realized that the thief, after removing the contents, would get rid of the box itself. By discarding it at a distance from Sallee's he might completely disconnect it with the crime."

"When did you pick it up?" Mark asked.

"At eleven o'clock, about ten minutes after the all-clear sounded," Skirvin stepped forward to pat a bulge at Mark's coat pocket.

"Help yourself," Mark said bitterly. "That's just a pad of O.D. report forms."

He stood with arms extended while Skirvin searched every pocket.

"You haven't been home," Skirvin growled. "So I know you didn't hide it in the house. Who lives here with yuh, Mister?"

"I'm a widower with three small boys," Mark told him. "A house-keeper comes in the daytime."

"I'll take a look at that garage you say you were conked in," Skirvin swung off toward the front walk. Over his shoulder he called back, "And don't try to pull a run-out, Mister."

Mark let himself in with a latch-key. He looked into the boys' room. They were soundly asleep, and he was relieved that they hadn't overheard his humiliation. He went to his own room and to bed.

It was all boldly headlined in the Morning "Trumpet," and Mark read it on the bus going to work. Clagie, the "Trumpet's" editor, had a genius for milking sensations like this one. After he'd read one column Mark's cheeks were on fire. "Mark Conger was seen leaving the cottage by the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 21: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 22: From 4.30 to 4.45: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, June 23: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie Reeve in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, June 24: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition."

SUNDAY, June 25: (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, June 26: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 27: "Musical Alphabet."



U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS WEDDING. Major William Reed and his bride, formerly Camille Hannan, cut lovely three-tiered wedding cake at reception following marriage at St. Felix' Church, Bankstown. Couple will make home at Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S., after war.



JUDGE'S DAUGHTER MARRIES. Sergeant Donald Forrest McTaggart, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Althea Drake-Brockman, leaving St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, after their marriage. Lieut. C. H. Martin, R.A.N.V.R. (left), Mayberry Bevan, Lieut. E. R. Drake-Brockman, A.I.F., and Nancy Baldick (right) were attendants. Althea is younger daughter of Judge and Mrs. Drake-Brockman, of Toorak, Melbourne, and also of Sydney. She has been her father's Associate for past five years.

On and off DUTY.

IT was "rabbit day" the last time Mrs. Arthur Grenfell dined with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street.

"I don't think the Prime Minister is really fond of rabbit, but Mrs. Churchill has to manage on the same rations as any other British housewife, and supplement her menus with unrationed foods," says Mrs. Grenfell, vice-president of British Y.W.C.A., who is visiting Sydney on her world tour.

"Mrs. Churchill is one of our real 'English beauties,'" says Mrs. Grenfell. "She manages to combine austerity and wartime living at No. 10 Downing Street with charm and comfort."

Mrs. Grenfell tells me she bicycles practically everywhere she goes in England, and confesses that she has had some tumbles.

"It's quite easy, though," she adds, "if you don't get in the way of buses or taxis."

Am surprised when she tells me she is the mother of seven children, and also has 13 grandchildren.

RETURNED from honeymoon at Meadow Bath are Technical-Sergeant Leonard Lorraine, U.S. Army, and his bride, formerly Sylvia Wynn, of Chatswood.



R.A.A.F. AIRMEN ENTERTAINED. Flight-Lieut. Ronald Blackadder, of Casino (extreme right), sent this picture home to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Blackadder, Waverley. It was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden entertained at a reception at 12 Grosvenor Street, London. Mrs. Eden is on the left talking to Mrs. Littlejohn Cook before cutting cake at party, and Mr. Eden is standing directly behind them.



COUNTRY CEREMONY. Bombardier Mac Wilson, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Diana Downes, after wedding at St. Paul's Church, Cobbitty. Diana, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Downes, of Cobbitty, has been engaged in war job making munitions, while Mac has been at battle station. —Monte Luke.



JUST ENGAGED. Pretty Corporal Susan Levy, W.A.A.F., and fiancé Corporal David Woods, A.I.F., celebrate engagement at Prince's. Susan is eldest daughter of Flight-Lieutenant Doug Levy, R.A.A.F., India, and Mrs. W. A. Greenley, of Kent, England.



R.A.A.F. WEDDING IN ENGLAND. Pilot-Officer H. Jopling, of Broken Hill, and his bride, formerly Miss E. M. Leuk, of Brighton, England, after their marriage at St. Nicholas' Church, Brighton. Flight-Sergeant Stanley Wright, R.A.A.F. (left), best man.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Captain A. J. Angus, Paymaster of 9th Australian Division, and his bride, formerly Robin Heale, of Malanda, Queensland. Lieut.-Col. S. Hodgman (extreme left) best man, and Mrs. D. Alexander and her daughter Christine attend bride.

SUPER cake decorated with red roses sent by air to Mrs. Harold Williams from old school friend, Mrs. Vernon Terry, of Melbourne, as silver wedding anniversary gift some weeks ago. Kept by Mrs. Williams and cut at party in celebration of twenty-first birthday of twin daughters Ronnie and Nina.

Party held at home of Mrs. George Brown, Bellevue Hill, when Mr. Justice Herron makes presentation toast to twins, who receive many lovely gifts, among which are petit-point dressing-table sets and silver flasks.

Ronnie, who is W.A.A.F. corporal, is now stationed at Eastern area, since returning from northern battle station.

LOVELY solitaire diamond ring being worn by Rita Jolley, who announces her engagement to Engineer-Officer Willem Rynberk. Rita is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jolley, of Annandale, and Willem is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rynberk, of Rhenen, Holland.

DOWN on leave from northern battle station, Gunner Andy Johnston, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Joy Miller, of Penhurst, return from honeymoon at Katoomba.

LATE afternoon party given by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mosley, of Lakshmi, Cowra, to welcome home their son-in-law and daughter, John and Elaine Clements, who have both just received their discharge from their Army duties. John was a trooper in A.I.F. and Elaine was a private in A.A.M.W.S. Couple were engaged before John sailed for Middle East, and later Elaine also left Australia with first contingent of V.A.A.

SETTLING into their Mosman flat are Squadron-Leader William Coyle, R.A.A.F., and his bride, who was Patricia Cox, of Melbourne, before their recent marriage at St. Mary's. Bill is second son of Judge and Mrs. Coyle, of Edgcliff.

RETURNED from honeymoon at Katoomba are Petty-Officer Max Miller, R.A.N.V.R., of Fiji, and his bride, former Betty Nelson. Couple plan home in Fiji. Betty, who is member of Overseas League, who staff information bureau at Air Force House, is only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. Nelson, of Hunter's Hill. Max is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miller, of Suva, Fiji.



A.I.F. ENGAGEMENT. Laurel Page and fiancé Lance-Corporal William Walker, A.I.F., announce their engagement when Bill comes down on leave. Laurel, who is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Page, of Cronulla, late of Armidale, wears lovely two-stone diamond ring. Couple celebrate with party at Romano's.



Movie World

● GENE TIERNEY, sultry glamor-girl from 20th Century-Fox studio, becomes the sweetly demure heroine of the technicolor comedy, "Heaven Can Wait." Before the

birth of her daughter, Gene was one of the most popular camp tourers, but now devotes most of her time to the baby. Husband, Count Cassini, is in the U.S. Army.



Hints and tips for every taste. Long on fashion, short on waste.



1 Give your old, semi-tailored suit the new, wide shoulder line this way: Unpick the shoulder seams and insert velvet ribbon to a depth of about five inches. Finish off one shoulder insert with a small velvet bow, and re-cover the buttons with velvet. If desired, inserts at the jacket hem could also be added.



2 If you're short on coupons, how about making a two-tone twin set from a couple of old jumpers? When you've unpicked the wool, wash it in Persil—just as you do your cardigans and sweaters. Persil is gentleness itself with all knitted garments. It coaxes out the dirt thoroughly, and wastes no time about it.



3 Stretch out your elastic! Stocks are short, so we simply must make our supply last! Instead of using a long strip for the waist of panties, use a length of tape with a six-inch piece of elastic let in the back.



4 RIBBON FOR UNDIES: Good ribbons—tubable ones—are almost unprocureable these days. So why not make a shoulder-strap from old discarded undies? Some of those lovely pre-war silks—you may even find some crepe-de-chine—make pretty ribbons, and they wear wonderfully well.



5 Get rid of those stains! Green vegetable and grass stains should be sponged with methylated spirits. Paint comes out with turpentine. But tea, coffee, cocoa, jam, egg, and gravy stains can all be removed if the article is boiled in Persil. Its oxygen-charged suds get stains out of the very weave itself.



1 **BECAUSE DANNY** (Mickey Rooney) spends most of his time entertaining girls at night clubs, his father decides to send him to Cody College, which is not co-educational, and Danny agrees.

Sparkling new college musical



2 **DANNY DISLIKES** life at the college, but befriends the kindly Dean (Guy Kibbee) and his daughter, Ginger (Judy Garland).



3 **THE COLLEGE** is bankrupt, but Danny and Ginger persuade governor (Howard Freeman) to give them two months' extension.



4 **PLANNING** to hold rodeo at college, Danny attends party in town, and society debs. promise to attend rodeo.



5 **THE RODEO** is a great success, but Danny has to name the rodeo queen from finalists, Ginger and governor's daughter, Marjorie.

LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME



Exclusive New Ross Hynes Home Tailor Course Teaches in FEW WEEKS by LATEST SHORT-CUT METHODS how to DESIGN, MEASURE, CUT PATTERNS and MAKE all Clothes for Yourself and Family.

It does not matter if you have never "Sewn a Stitch" or are partially experienced. You cannot fail to make rapid progress this new modern way. In next to no time you will be giving "professional" finish to all garments for yourself and family.

Sensational War-time Economy Offer!
COMPLETE COURSE 15!
IN HOME DRESSMAKING
at AMAZING PRICE of only . . .

Below are some of the Subjects Covered

Styles and colours for "Tall and Slim," "Short and Stout"—Modern Bust-line—How to flatter the figure. Measurements—Cutting patterns from Master Foundation Pattern—How to cut modern sleeves and collars—Secrets of expert cutting—Bias cutting—Altering patterns—Flattering other than average figure. **IMPROVED MAKING OF**—Bojeto suit—Coxie and jumper suit—Evening Gown—Tailored top-coat—Two-piece skirt—Six-gore skirt—Undertails—Underwear—House coats—Blacks—Women's pyjamas—Sports blouse—Pleated sports shorts—Riding breeches—Men's pyjamas. **RENOVATING AND RE-MODELLING**—How to modernise—One new frock from two old ones—How to cut children's garments from grown-up left-offs. **CHILDREN'S WEAR**—Full lessons on baby's frocks, rompers, etc.—Children's frocks—Children's petticoats and bloomers—School tunics—Boys' pants—Boys' pyjamas. How to put together—Finishing seams—Secrets of setting sleeves and collars—Plaques and openings—Current hang in skirts—Honey-combing, smocking, all fancy stitches—Lining—Buttonhole making—Tacking—Padding—Bastings—Patch, leaved flap and welt pockets—Steaming and pressing—How to fit the garments—How to correct defects—How to get professional finish—Professional secrets revealed, etc., etc.

FREE FOUNDATION PATTERN IF YOU ORDER NOW!

THE MASTER FOUNDATION PATTERN ENABLES YOU TO CUT YOUR OWN PATTERNS IN ANY STYLE AND IN 16 DIFFERENT SIZES. It is the most wonderful invention that has ever come to dressmaking and completely eliminates all charts and drafting. By ordering your New Dressmaker NOW you will receive this Wonderful Master Foundation Pattern absolutely free. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity to make yourself independent of clothes.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not entirely satisfied that this book is all that is claimed of it, you may return the Course and your money will be refunded in full. The Course carries a Free Advice Service which enables you to write to Ross Hynes at any time you may require advice.

Send Coupon To-day while stocks last!

ROSS HYNES NEW DRESSMAKER,
G.P.O. BOX 3503 R.R., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me the Ross Hynes New Home Dressmaking Course complete with Free Foundation Pattern. I enclose 15/-, the full cost of this Course. I understand that if I am not entirely satisfied my money will be refunded in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

If more convenient you may send £1 and 5/- change will be returned to you. Safe delivery guaranteed. W.W., 24/6/44.

Girl Crazy

MGM's gay musical, "Girl Crazy," marks the eighth time Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland have appeared together in a film.

Ten years after its introduction, George Gershwin's stage success comes to the screen with the full Gershwin score, which includes such universal favorites as "I've Got Rhythm" and "Embraceable You." Judy Garland and Tommy Dorsey's Band do full justice to these catchy numbers.

For the "Fascinatin' Rhythm" number, Mickey Rooney capably handles the piano solo with Dorsey's band.

Three bright youngsters who made a sensational appearance in "Best Foot Forward" have important roles in this film. They are Nancy Walker, sensational "tough" comedian; June Allyson, attractive singer and dancer; and Gil Stratton. This clever trio were recruited from the Broadway stage, but now it seems they are in Hollywood to stay.

Are You Always Tired?

When your rest is disturbed, you are tired and worn out on arising in the morning—totally unfit for the day's work. You may not know it, but your kidneys are nearly always to blame.

The longer you have suffered from any symptom of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings, and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood, causing backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, and excess uric acid. Don't delay. Neglect is dangerous. Take **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder; relieve pain, and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** today.



6 **THINKING OF PUBLICITY INVOLVED**, Danny names Marjorie queen and his selection is justified when he and Ginger show Dean the pile of new applications.



PERSONAL FRESHNESS IS ASSURED BY THE SPARING USE OF MUM

MUM guards charm... romance

Commonsense alone should tell a girl a bath just isn't enough. Perspiration odour can start the moment she steps from the tub. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but MUM prevents the risk of odour to come.

Just a quick, sparing dab of MUM with the fingertip under each arm is sufficient to guard daintiness all day or evening. MUM will not irritate the skin or harm the most delicate fabrics. It saves your clothes as well as ensuring your charm.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

C2712



Twenty years ago this week the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization came into being.

Audiences throughout the world applauded the now famous Leo as the Roaring Lion Trademark of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly introduced his first great motion picture entertainment, "The White Sister".

In 20 years of leadership Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has consistently pioneered the way, bringing to your favourite theatres everywhere the utmost in screen entertainment.

Who can fail to remember "Ben Hur", "The Big Parade", "Min and Bill", "The Big House", "Grand Hotel", "Broadway Melody", "Mutiny on the Bounty", "Goodbye Mr. Chips", "The Great Waltz", "Naughty Marietta", "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest" . . . and more, many more, thoroughly enjoyable, heart-warming and spectacular productions?

Now, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is Twenty Years Young. We celebrate a history crowded with achievement. We eagerly look forward to the future fully anticipating the great part this organization will play in the joyous peace that must surely follow Victory!

Future M-G-M treats!

"LASSIE COME HOME"
(Eric Knight's great novel —
in Technicolor)

"MADAME CURIE" (Greer
Garson, Walter Pidgeon)

"SONG OF RUSSIA"
(Robert Taylor, Susan Peters)

"A GUY NAMED JOE"
(Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne)

Celebrate
the
TWENTY YEAR ANNIVERSARY
OF
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
at
your favourite theatre

(Thursday, JUNE 22nd to Wednesday, JUNE 28th, 1944)

COULD HARDLY WALK!

Now Works, Scrubs and Polishes

R.U.R. Brings
Swift Benefit

It creates energy, charm, personality, radiant living, and in cases of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and the like, it quickly gets them under control, stops the pain and makes life worthwhile again. Mrs. Lillian Anderson, of 21 Lansdowne Street, Pascoe Vale, proves this when she writes as follows:



"I have been that bad that I could hardly walk. I was in hospital, but it did no good. After I came home from the hospital I said to my children, 'I am going to give R.U.R. a go and see what it does to me.' So I started to take it and now here I am. I can go back to work, scrub and polish with the best of them. I walk a mile and a half twice a day and home again, and up till last September was looking after my sick husband."

Take R.U.R. yourself when you are feeling run-down or suffering from joint or muscle pains. In no time you will feel better and the dreary outlook of a painful life will have vanished. 4/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

Eight-to-the-Bar!

NOVELTY PIANO ALBUMS

Featuring America's
Latest
Musical Craze

BOOGIE WOOGIE

Be up-to-date! Be popular!
Play Boogie Woogie solos by
America's leading composers.
8 Albums to choose from by:

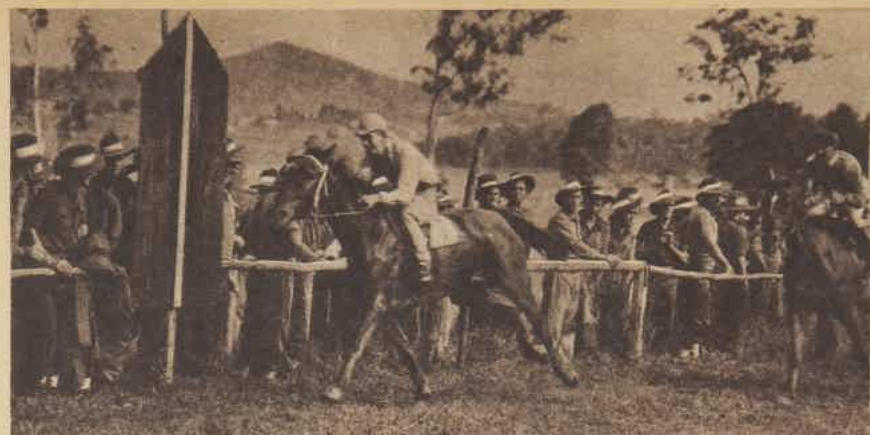
Pete Johnson,
Meade "Lux" Lewis,
Teddy Wilson,
Billy Kyle,
Albert Ammons,
Mary Lou Williams,
Woody Herman,
Hazel Scott.

Each book contains five solos.

Price per book 5/-
Postage 2d.

Obtainable from all
Music Sellers.

Publishers: D. Davis & Co., Pty., Ltd.,
250 Pitt Street, Sydney.



Race Meeting Servicemen line the rails at a country civilian race meeting to see Lady Nev win the third division hack race. These picnic-style meetings provide troops in training camps with leave recreation, and servicemen often comprise 90 per cent. of the spectators.

WITHIN a few minutes they were sitting over a meal of "huevos rancheros," fried eggs and chili sauce, with the usual leathery "tortilla." Dietrich ate with good appetite, but he was scarcely listening to his host. That aircraft had worried him a little; it might be a good plan to lie low for a while and then strike for Ecuador, where he had friends.

This place seemed an ideal hide-out, and the Spaniard did not appear to be inquisitive.

Manuel whisked out two tumblers and filled them from a flask of "mescal." "This will warm you, señor." He was smiling like a happy child, anticipating a long talk with the stranger.

Dietrich leaned across the table. "I like your home, señor," he said quietly, "and would wish to stay a day or two. I am weary of fishing," he added with a shrug.

Manuel slapped his thigh. "That would be formidable," he shouted.

They were half-way through the flask of "mescal," with Manuel discoursing warmly on the novels of Ibanez, when the German noticed for the first time that the wall was plastered with pictures of a dark and beautiful woman in various

artistic poses. To change the subject, which was boring him, he pointed to the photographs.

"Who is that, señor?" he demanded, with a sly wink. "You seem to be an admirer."

Manuel cast an affectionate eye over the wall. "That, my good friend, is the great film actress, Consuelo Garcia."

Dietrich laughed harshly. "You mean 'was,' my friend," he said with a short laugh. "She was killed in Panama this evening. Some jealous admirer." He shrugged lightly.

The Spaniard put down his glass slowly. He stared at the German as if he were a ghost. "Killed?" he echoed stupidly. The stars had suddenly stopped singing. Consuelo dead. . . . The woman that millions of ardent South Americans adored.

"You are joking, señor," he said with a forced laugh.

Dietrich smiled cynically. "An actress," he sneered. "Her husband discovered her with another man and shot her. You take these American pictures too seriously, my friend. She was only a—"

Manuel jumped to his feet and hit the German hard on the jaw, angrily shouting, "Silence! I do not hear another word." Dietrich reeled back in surprise.

"Go to your boat, 'gringo,'" rasped Manuel. "You do not stay under my roof."

Dietrich tried to think quickly. "I need some petrol, señor," he said in a voice that wasn't quite steady. "I did not intend—"

"Go," roared the Spaniard. He picked up a gun that was leaning against his desk.

"Señor, you have misunderstood—" There was panic in the German's voice. "I will give you money. Look—" He took out his wallet.

The gun was pointing at his heart. Manuel followed Dietrich down to the motor launch.

Manuel had finished the flask and was well into the second when the two Americans stumbled up the verandah steps.

"Good evening, caballeros," he said with a hiccup. "Will you honor me by joining me in a glass of something?"

The airman exchanged glances. "Si señor," said Williams. The two words practically comprised his stock of Spanish.

Manuel lurched towards his cabinet and found two more glasses. "I am a little nervous to-night, caballeros," he said in English. "Is it true that Consuelo Garcia is dead?"

Williams gave him a funny look. "How do you know that, my friend?" he demanded sharply. "Is it on the radio?"

Manuel shook his head sadly. "No, señor. The news does not come until ten o'clock. A visitor, a 'gringo,' came in here only an hour since. A son of a dog—" Something hit Williams hard. He stared round the room and noticed the pictures of the actress.

"Was this stranger a middle-size guy, clean-shaven, wearing a Panama hat?"

"No hat," said Manuel awkwardly, "but he had a boat. No petrol."

Williams made for the door. "What's the next place down the coast?"

"Merino, señor," answered Manuel.

Time for Tact

Continued from page 2

"But is it true about the great Consuelo Garcia—"

The airman did not stop to answer. Williams was rushing along with Paley tagging at his heels asking a dozen questions.

"First stop Merino, pal," he jerked out. "That's where we'll be meeting that guy."

"Wait, a minute, Sherlock Holmes," panted Paley, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "How come you're so sure?"

Williams levered himself behind the controls. "One of the boys told me the sad news about Consuelo just as we were taking off on this merry-go-round," he said with a laugh. "Only a guy who was in Panama this evening could have known it. That sounds like the guy who called on our friend back there."

Paley grunted. "Maybe he heard it on the radio," he objected.

"Not a chance," laughed the pilot, revving up. "The news won't come through on the air until ten o'clock." He looked at his watch. "That's ten minutes from now. I'm sorry for that guy back there, drinking himself silly over Consuelo, but I'm sure glad he's a film fan. What a break for us!"

The plane roared into the darkness. "Herr Dietrich, here we come!" the pilot carolled blithely.

(Copyright)

"Reinforcements to Nature"



ENLIST the aid of the vital vitamins A, B, and D in SAUNDERS' MALT AND VITAMINISED OIL, to enrich the blood and build up resistance to the lurking infections which Winter brings. Kiddies and grown-ups alike need this supplement to wartime diet—no get a tin to-day. (If you are occasionally disappointed, remember the "reinforcements" have gone to the Red Cross for convalescing needs.)

Saunders'
MALT &
VITAMINISED OIL

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived Sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating cleansing and healing action of Flexibar Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chilblains. Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also 11-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful anti-septic germicide). It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn Eczema and other skin Sores.

FLEXIBAR
OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. For generous FREE SAMPLE, write to "Flexibar," 375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

For TODDLERS and YOUNG MATRONS

New Designs in
Hand Knit-wear
by

Sun-glo



Knit this warm, all-occasions Cardigan for yourself (see Design No. 2754, Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 65), or start the distinctive boy's pullover NOW for Michael or Peter. He'll like the toy soldiers featured in the design (No. 2743, Sun-glo Children's Book Series 64).

Knit your own for winter comfort, economy and worth-while coupon savings.

Sun-glo Knitting Books are on sale at all retailers and newsagents, 7d. each or 84d. POSTED. Prock Book 1/3 or 1/4d. POSTED.

ALEXANDRIA SPINNING MILLS
PTY. LTD.,
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

1944 STYLES
FREE

Use Coupon Below

Sun-glo

Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd.,
Dept. A55, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.
Please send me free Folder showing all designs in your Knitting Books for 1944 issued to date. I enclose 1/6d. in stamps for postage.

Name
Address
State

803 PLEASE WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

DE WITT'S PILLS

A GREAT HELP FOR

Joint Pains

You can put an end to joint pains—if you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys so that they can clear from your system excess uric acid poisons and other impurities. Let De Witt's Pills wake sluggish kidneys to action and watch those joint pains disappear for good. De Witt's Pills are ready to give you quick and lasting relief. Within 24 hours of the first dose you have proof, and if you give De Witt's Pills a fair trial, joint pains will completely disappear.



DeWitt's **KIDNEY and BLADDER** **Pills**

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Prices, 1/9, 3/-, and 5/9.

My Kid

I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU
THAT MY BABY IS DIFFERENT



"Every time I read the birth notices I think how awfully disappointed the parents would be if they could compare their babies with mine."

ASTHMA Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Relieves Asthma... New 6/- and 12/-

If any one thing irritates me more than another it is listening to doting parents raving about the wonders of their own particular offspring — so well-developed, so bright, daddy's little manikins, mummy's little bubsy-wubsy.

And yet, bearing in mind the fact that other people suffer the same nauseating feelings on the subject as I do, I'm going to risk affronting them by telling about my kid.

You see, in my case, it's different.

I hardly know the child personally, so that absolves me from any suggestion of favoritism.

True, I had the good fortune to indulge in a spot of leave at the time, and did see the lad when he was a fortnight old, but commonsense wouldn't let me boast about his wonders on that meagre evidence alone, though I did feel in my bones he was a cut above the ordinary baby.

All I can go on now are reports sent me from time to time by the child's mother, his grandmother, and his fond aunts. All these women have, in the past, been truthful in the extreme, so I see no reason to doubt their word now.

This goes to show that I am quite honest and unbiased in my opinions. No doubt, on the occasion of my leave, I was influenced in his favor to a certain extent.

No doubt, also, I, like so many others, sinned grievously in inflicting on long-suffering victims my enthusiastic comments on his cuteness, his happy nature, his clearness of skin, and so forth.

But you must understand that

the role of being a proud father was then a novelty.

Even so, on looking back, I do think his clearness of skin was remarkable.

This kid, I'm quite satisfied, was different—and still is.

I'm just dying to get back to see him for myself, but urgent business in New Guinea for the time being, I am forced to observe the child's development through the eyes of those who really understand such things.

His mother, grandmother, and aunts all come under that category.

They say he is a wonder child, and I don't doubt it—it is no more than I expected from such a promising start in life.

They say he is a bright, intelligent, happy-natured little angel. I'll admit I've heard that tale from other parents about their kids, and I've been extremely sceptical, but these people know.

I won't inflame upon you the story of all the thrills I've experienced in reading of his first tooth, the time he first started to crawl, and many other things so precious to the heart of a fond father.

I'll leave it to you to imagine the deep concern I've felt on reading of all his minor ailments, the effects of vaccination, teeth trouble, and such.

His aunts have written glowing accounts of his marvellous progress but, as they invariably use the occasion for an excuse to expatiate on the merits of their own kids, I am forced to skip the greater part of their letters.

You see, I know those kids — they're little devils.

However, his grandmother's accounts are more reliable—she knows babies and, in consequence, can appreciate a good one.

The latest letter tells me that now, at the age of ten months, the lad possesses six teeth—six teeth, to quote his mother, that surpass any other six teeth of any other babe in the world.

I can quite believe it. Many months ago she wrote and told me that he could place his dummy in his mouth without assistance! Can you imagine a child that age being capable of doing such a thing?

As a matter of fact, in every new thing he learnt to do, he did it months before any other kid of his age knew what it was all about.

I've got that way now that, every time I read the birth notices, I think how awfully disappointed the parents would be if they could compare their babies with mine.

It would be heart-breaking for them.

It's good to be the father of such a son, and, on sober reflection, I

By
**A PROUD
FATHER**
in New Guinea



actually think that, despite all the glowing reports I've heard, the most wonderful thing of all is the fact that he is my son.

My son! Can you imagine that? My own little sonkins. Oh, dear! I hope you'll pardon that little lapse. For the moment my emotions got the better of me. It's just that I'm a bit proud of him.

I sincerely trust that anything I've written here doesn't provoke other parents to indulge in a little controversy over the respective merits of their brats and my babe because I'm not the slightest bit interested.

As a matter of fact, I dislike kids. Other people's don't interest me at all, and I only brought the subject up because I feel that my son is different.

He undoubtedly is, and I'm proud of him—and, naturally, of myself. Strange! I've just heard my son has been awarded second in a baby show — I can't understand the mistake.

"The lad now possesses six teeth—six teeth, to quote his mother, that surpass any other six teeth of any other babe in the world."

To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thoroughly antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful happiness.

**Cuticura
SOAP**

"One of a famous trio,
Cuticura
Soap, Ointment, Talcum."

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need
FOR
FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more — it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.



**DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER**

From all Chemists
and Storekeepers,
in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that 'Dulux' is giving, so I can't help you on your 'civilian' jobs at present."

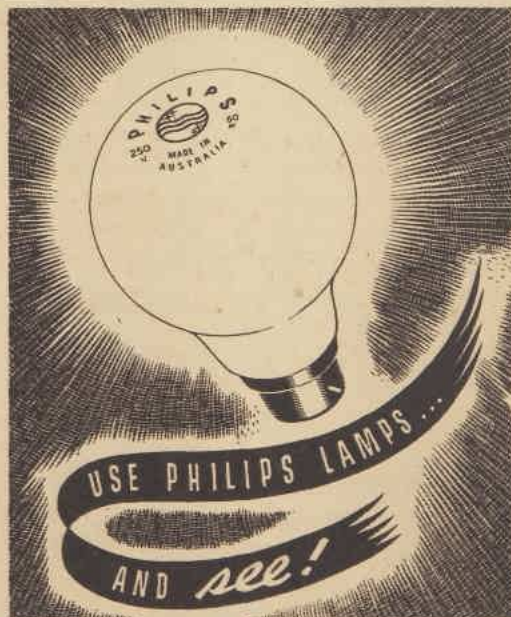
**BALM
DULUX**

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH
SUPERBES CHAMBERS AND VARNISHES

**BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE
JOBS WITH YOU LATER**



British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.



Fit a
PHILIPS
and SEE the difference

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED
Sydney — Melbourne — Adelaide — Perth — Brisbane



Singing in the bathtub

He can't sing a note, the dear boy, but he's simply got to try, because his heart's full of song. He's home again... starting his day with the luxury of his own hot shower to revel in and to be followed by a rub down with a big, super-absorbent Ausmill Towel. And you needn't mind how he tugs and flicks your towels. Ausmills are tough. For, soft and downy as they are, they're woven for hefty splashers to manhandle as well as for the softest-skinned to delight in.

To-day there are enough Ausmills to supply your domestic needs, though their designs have been modified to conform with the need for austerity. But we are already creating gorgeous new post-war Ausmill designs with florals and sea creatures, patterns and stripes. Soon Ausmill Towels will billow from our looms, bursts of colourful glory into which our craftsmen will weave the triumphs of victory and the joys of peace... sturdy, thirsty, but downy-soft Ausmills to glorify your bathroom, or glamorise your gambols on some sunny beach.

THE "Ausmill"
GUARANTEED TOWEL



COLOURS FAST
TO BLEACHING
Made in Australia

The illustration
forecasts some of
the glorious new
designs for your
postwar Ausmills

AUSTRALIAN TOWEL WEAVING MILLS PTY. LTD., PARRAMATTA ROAD, AUBURN, N.S.W.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE



"ESTELLE"—jerkin, skirt, and blouse

This unusually smart outfit has been fashioned in a new delightful material, berrington wool, in attractive shades of pink, blue, or natural. Blouse is available in rayon crepe-de-chine in blue, pink, or white. Jerkin is sleeveless, long fitting, with three shaped pockets. Self covered buttons, well extended shoulders. Skirt is the plain four gores variety, slightly flared, but snug at hip and waistline. Blouse is a shirtmaker with long, full sleeves gathered into a narrow wristband.

Jerkin, Ready to Wear: Sizes 32, 34in. bust, 27/6 (4 coupons); 36, 38, 40in. bust, 39/11 (6 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.

Skirt, Ready to Wear: 36 and 38in. hips, 32/6 (7 coupons); 40, 42, and 44in. hips, 35/11 (7 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.

Blouse, Ready to Wear: 32, 34in. bust, 19/11 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 24/6 (7 coupons). Plus 4/6d. postage.

Jerkin, Cut Out Only: 32, 34in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 21/8 (6 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.

Skirt, Cut Out Only: 36, 38in. hips, 22/3 (7 coupons); 40, 42, and 44in. hips, 27/11 (7 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.

Blouse, Cut Out Only: 32, 34in. bust, 12/11 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 16/3 (7 coupons). Plus 4/6d. postage.

How to obtain "ESTELLE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 34961R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering please give length, hip, and bust measurements.



Needlework Notions TWO DAINTY WINTER FROCKS

For 4 to 8-year-olds

Both little frocks are fashioned from staple fibre—a woollen-like cloth, and of a good winter weight. Shades available are grey, lido-blue, saxe-blue, and rose.

No. 479 shows the popular panel front, tiny Peter Pan collar, and gaily embroidered bodice, long, warm sleeves, and front-button fastening. Design is clearly traced on the material all ready for cutting out and making up.

No. 480 is different again, with its heart-shaped neckline, fully gathered skirt, and trim waistline. Long sleeves again are featured. Please note that pattern is clearly traced on material ready to cut and sew.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 19/11 (4 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.
 Sizes 6 to 8 years, 23/6 (5 coupons). Plus 6/6d. postage.

Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

F2381—Every line of this frock is young and charming. It's worth a place in your wardrobe. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F17—Distinguished-looking Board of Trade two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F2382—A perfect basic dress for furs and accessories. Note the snappy pocket treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2383—Smartly cut two-piece, youthful, form-fitting. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2633—For Sunday best, a coat of warm fabric in this attractive design for young misses, 1 to 6 years of age. Requires 2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2007—Adorable 3-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Nightgown requires 3 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide; slip, 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide; panties, 1 yd., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F2381

F2382

F2007

F2633

F2383

F17

Special Concession Pattern

Available for one month only from date of issue.

TWO SNAPPY HATS AND HANDBAG
 Hats: Head sizes only 21 1/2 inches.
 No. 1.—Material required, 1 yd., 36in. wide, and 1 yd. ribbon.
 No. 2.—Material required, 1 yd., 36in. wide, and 1 yd. ribbon.
 No. 3.—Material required, 1 yd., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
 Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
 Box 462F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
 Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.
 Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 N.Z.: Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
 STREET
 SUBURB
 TOWN
 STATE
 SIZE Pattern Coupon, 24/6/44

To banish winter blues

Three new handknits for the slim and not-so-slim

- 1.—Exquisitely designed jumper in turquoise-blue and wood-brown.
- 2.—Snappy patchwork jacket or vest which can be made for a mere song.
- 3.—Warm-as-toast yet smart swift-knit cardigan for the not-so-slim.



IT'S SMART to wear patches when put together as you see in this gay, insouciant jacket. Designed to fit sizes 34 to 36.

Gay patch-work jacket

MATERIALS: Patons super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply; 2oz. each dark blue (D), royal-blue (M), and red (L); 1oz. green (C); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 5 buttons.

You may also make this jacket with the left-overs in your knitting bag; 1oz. of one color is required for the bands, and use as many colors as you like to make up the rest of the jacket. When making the pieces with wools that work to a different tension than 3-ply fingering, knit them to the measurements given.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust. Length from top of shoulders, 20in.

Tension: 7½ stitches to 1in.

THE BACK

Large triangles: Long side, 5½in.; short sides, 3½in. Make 6 D, 7 M, 8 L, 2 C. **Small triangles:** Long side, 2½in.; short sides, 1½in. Make 4 D, 4 M, 8 L. **Large diamonds:** 3½in. by 3½in. Make 1 D, 1 M, 1 L. **Small diamonds:** 1½in. by 1½in. Make 8 C.

EACH FRONT

Large triangles: 3 D, 4 M, 5 L, 1 C. **Small triangles:** 2 D, 2 M, 3 L, 1 C. **Small diamonds:** 3 C.

Large triangle: ** Cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: K 2.

2nd Row: Increase 1 st. in 1st st., k 1.

3rd Row: Increase in 1st st., knit to end.

Repeat 3rd row to 36 sts. on needle. ** Cast off, leaving an end approximately 4in. long for sewing.

Large diamond: Repeat from ** to ** as for large triangle.

Continued on page 36



"HELGA" is a beautiful hand-knit as this picture shows. Panelled front is smart; color contrasts a joy to the eye. Designed for sizes 32 to 34. Directions below.

"Helga" lovely contrast jumper

MATERIALS: Six skeins (short sleeves), 8 skeins (long sleeves), "Sunbeam" crochet wool shade No. 2123 (brown), 3 skeins shade No. 2194 (turquoise), 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12, 1 crochet hook, 1 buckle, 2 press-studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in. Bust, 32-34in. Length of sleeve-seam, 5in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together; br., brown; t., turquoise.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in., 9 rows 1in.

THE BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 37 br., 40 t., 37 br.

1st Row: K 37 br., 40 t., 37 br.

2nd Row: P 37 br., 40 t., 37 br.

Continue to keep the 40 centre sts. in turquoise and decrease 1 st. each end of every 6th row until decreased to 38 sts. When work measures 6in. change to No. 12 needles and continue in st-st. for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles, work 5 rows, st-st.

6th Row: P twice into 1st st., p 27 br., 42 t., 27 br., p twice into last st. Continue to work 2 more sts. in turquoise every 6th row and increase 1 st. in br. each end of every 6th row until increased to 114 sts. (29 br., 56 t., 29 br.). Work without shaping at side seams and continue to work 2 more sts. in turquoise every 6th row, at the same time when work measures 15½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times.

Continued on page 36



"RHODA," the attractive, swift-to-knit cardigan pictured above, will delight the not-so-slim. Knitted in fleecy blanket wool, it features slenderizing V yoke, fancy rib, well-extended shoulder-line. Designed for sizes 40 to 42. See directions on page 36.

Chill-chasers!

● Food plan for protection against winter weather on this page: Steaming, substantial, delicious soups, hot and hearty pastries, winter vegetables, piping hot and savory.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly.



COLD days call for menu reviews. Pastries make a comeback . . .

So do boiled suet puddings. Sweet or savory, they're fine satisfiers for appetites sharpened by winter winds. Soups are included once again in the regular meal routine.

The recipes on this page are recommended as sound investments for the winter food programme.

DUTCH RAGOUT

(With Carrot Dumplings)

One and a half pounds chuck steak, 1 lb. calf's liver, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 3½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 onions, 3 or 4 cloves, 1 cup vinegar, carrot dumpling mixture.

Cut steak into small pieces, slice washed liver, and brown lightly in the dripping. Add the flour, stirring well, and stir in the water. Add the salt, sliced onions, cloves, and vinegar. Cover and cook slowly for 1½ to 2 hours. Place dumplings on top, cover and cook for further 15 minutes. For four to six.

Carrot Dumplings: Mix 2 cups sifted flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated carrot.

Rub in 1 tablespoon good beef dripping, and mix to a soft dough with milk. Drop small balls of this mixture on to the ragout, making sure the dough rests on pieces of meat and vegetable. They should not settle into the liquid.

SPICED CASSEROLE OF TRIPE

(With Hot Cheese Scones)

One and a half pounds tripe, cold water, 2 onions, small bunch herbs (parsley, mint, sage, thyme), 1 clove, 1 bay leaf, pinch allspice, pinch nutmeg (if available), 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash tripe, cover with cold water, bring to boil, drain, and slice into one-inch squares. Place in casserole with sliced onion, herbs, spice, water, pepper, and salt. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 to 1½ hours, or until tender. Pour off most of the liquid, remove bunch of herbs, and add blended flour, milk, and butter, and cook for further 20 minutes. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve hot with freshly made, hot, well-seasoned cheese scones.

Cheese Scones: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 des-

STEAMING-HOT TOMATO SOUP is both nourishing and satisfying.

sertspoon butter, 1 cup grated cheese, cold milk.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, and baking powder. Rub in the butter. Add the cheese and mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, handle lightly, roll to ½-inch thickness, cut into shapes, glaze with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. For four.

PEPPER-POT POTATO CHOWDER

One pound potatoes, 1 onion, 1½ pint water, 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 pint milk, pepper and salt.

Peel and slice the potatoes and onion. Cook till tender, add tomatoes, cook few minutes longer. Rub through a sieve. Add blended curry powder and flour. Simmer 2 minutes, cool slightly, and add the



POT-LUCK PIE, flaky topped, and rich with meat and vegetables, served straight from the oven with baked tomatoes. Cream of spinach soup, illustrated left, starts this menu.



milk gradually. Season to taste. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley, and grated cheese (may be omitted). For four.

BROWNED ONION PUREE

Three medium-sized onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon meat extract, 3 cups water or stock, 1 dessertspoon mustard (if available), pepper and salt.

Saute onions in fat for 5 minutes. When lightly browned stir in flour, and brown, add stock or water. Cook slowly for 5 minutes, and add meat extract and mustard. Season with pepper and salt, and serve very hot. For four.

POT-LUCK PIE

Eight ounces of flaky pastry, 1 lb. minced meat, 2 cups or more shredded vegetables (as cabbage, spinach, carrots, turnip), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup water, pepper and salt.

Slice onion and brown in the dripping, add the flour and then the water, meat, vegetables, and parsley. Season well. A dash of Worcestershire sauce may be added. Place this mixture in pie dish. Cover with pastry. Glaze with milk and sprinkle with salt. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 20 minutes. Serve hot. For four.

HOT UPSIDE-DOWN CRUMB PUDDING

Six slices stale bread, 1 pint milk (or milk and water), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, jam, marmalade or preserves.

Heat milk and pour over the bread. Add the salt, sugar, and vanilla. Stand a few minutes, and then beat with a fork. Add the two beaten eggs. Grease a cake-tin or ring mould and spread jam, marmalade or preserve in a gener-

ous layer over the bottom. Pour pudding mixture on top. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Loosen edges with knife, turn out on to hot plate, and serve at once. For four.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

Four cups finely shredded spinach, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2½ cups thin white sauce, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon or more grated sharp cheese, 1 egg (may be omitted), pinch nutmeg (may be omitted).

Cook the spinach in the water. When tender, add the salt, sauce, mint, onion, cheese, and nutmeg. Heat thoroughly, adding a little more milk or water, if liked. Whip in the beaten egg and correct seasoning to taste. Serve very hot, with Melba toast.

Have you tried?

LAST minute before bed a drink of lemon juice and hot water, spiced with clove and sweetened with honey.

TO dress up a simple luncheon on a cold day by serving hot apple juice, flavored with mint sprigs. Serve with cinnamon cookies.

TOASTED cheese cubes on a cream of spinach soup. Paprika finish was the pre-war touch.

A SHREDDED beet soup, sans the frippery of sour cream; a strong beef broth is the starting point.

LITTLE sharp cheese dumplings on a casserole of spiced lamb chops; try a good dash of chopped mint with the cheese.

A PIG-IN-A-POKE pie . . . pork sausages, skins removed, baked in a Yorkshire batter with a generous dash of good Australian tomato sauce.

MORLEY

"KANTSHRINK" Guaranteed Unshrinkable
LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDERWEAR

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Blisters, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 4/-, 8/-, 12/-.

Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

fortuna cloth

Of special interest to Nursing Mothers



Every mother wants to feed her baby naturally . . . it is an instinct that expresses the strength of the bond between mother and child.

The mother's diet, of course, must be planned to encourage lactation, and a cup of hot Horlicks between meals is extremely helpful. Mother and baby will both benefit from the first-class protein, essential carbohydrates, mineral salts, and vitamins in Horlicks. The system absorbs the goodness of Horlicks very quickly, a factor which helps the mother to maintain her strength. When she feels over-tired at the end of the day, a cup of Horlicks soothes nervous tension and encourages the sound, restful sleep which she needs.

It's no trouble to make a cup of Horlicks, either, and this is something which the busy mother will particularly appreciate. Simply mix Horlicks with water only, and you have a delicious food drink, delicate in flavour and very easy to digest. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars or in tins, price 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

HORLICKS

the food drink that nourishes and sustains

Prize recipes to help you with meal problems

● Jams in season, a raspberry slice with mock coconut, a mock asparagus roll, entree of cheesed turnips, and a super supper savory . . . these are prize recipes from other readers to you.

ARE you pleased with your new menu ideas? Remember a pleasure is doubled by sharing.

Other readers will be interested in your recipe creation.

Give it the chance to win a prize in our weekly recipe contest.

MANDARIN JAM

Wash and dry 6 Thorny mandarins. Remove pipe, and slice thinly as for marmalade. Add 6 cups water and leave overnight. Next day boil slowly till tender, add 6 cups heated sugar, and when nearly cooked add juice of 1 lemon and 1 orange. Test for jelling. Bottle and seal.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

BAKED WHITE TURNIP SAVORY

Six turnips, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute. Peel and boil turnips until tender, then strain. Mash well, after one cup of grated cheese has been added. Put turnips and cheese in bottom

of baking dish. Add moist breadcrumbs and parsley, salt, pepper in next layer. Cut butter in small sections, and put on top of savory. Put in oven and bake 1 hour until a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alex M. Rae, 166 Nicholson St., Balaclava, Vic.

BRUSSELS ROLLS

Cook small Brussels sprouts in the usual way, adding salt and sugar to the water. Strain, season with pepper, and toss in a little butter. Cut thin brown or white bread, remove crusts and butter. Roll around the cold sprouts, making small rolls or cones. The flavor is very like that of asparagus.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. W. Sephton, 229 Darling St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

MUSHROOM PATTIES

Flaky pastry, mushrooms, eggs. Make pastry and line small patty tins and bake in a hot oven. Wash, peel, and slice mushrooms, and fry or grill and season well. Place a layer of mushrooms in each patty case, top with a whipped egg and then unbeaten egg-yolk. Bake in



SCONE WHIRLS baked in a jam sauce . . . roll dough thinly, spread with jam, roll up, cut in thin slices, place in hot jam sauce in ovenware dish, bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

moderate oven until eggs are lightly set. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Fry, West Parkway, Reade Park, Adelaide.

RASPBERRY SLICE

Line a tart-plate with a good shortcrust. Spread with raspberry or other jam.

Mix together 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, add 1 cup rolled oats, pinch salt, and vanilla essence.

Spread over top of jam and bake in moderately hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. H. O'Neill, Darlington Point, N.S.W.

APPLE LEMON MARMALADE

Six lemons, 6lb. apples, 6 pints water, 9lb. sugar.

Wash lemons and slice thinly. Pour 6 pints boiling water over lemons and stand overnight. Cook gently till rind is soft. Peel and cut up apples, add to lemons, and cook till soft. Heat sugar and add, stirring till dissolved. Then boil rapidly for 30 or 40 minutes or until a little jells on saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Hodge, 27 Station St., Griffith, N.S.W.



UP-TO-DATE vegetable lore for an up-to-date lass, Frances Gifford, MGM player . . . No scrapping for young carrots and parsnips, turnip greens are valuable, outer dark leaves have more value than inner light ones.

Complementary feeding for baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IT was once thought that breast-feeding and bottle-feeding could not be combined, that if the natural supply failed to come up to the full amount a baby should at once be put completely on to the bottle.

It is now a well-proven fact that even a small proportion of breast milk is a safeguard to baby, and that it aids in the digestion of the artificial food.

There are many pitfalls, however, in combining natural and artificial feeding.

A leaflet containing some important points to observe to make complementary feeding successful has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

This and that in the garden

WHEN buying seedlings, flower or vegetable, bear in mind that the small ones are often hardier and sturdier than big, leafy ones.

Mint has a bad habit of taking possession of the garden. Restrict it by growing in an old tank, bath, tub, or similar container. Remove bottom and bury in soil to within an inch or so of the rim.

To change hydrangeas from wishy-washy pinks and blues to definite deep shades of blue, use alum. Chromium sulphate and uranium are also used where obtainable. The addition of lime to the soil will change blue hydrangeas to pink. Lime should, however, be applied sparingly.

Weeds that are difficult to pull up by hand can often be killed by cutting off at ground level and scorching butt with an ordinary blow-lamp. In tennis courts, drives, round frames and buildings this burning method is particularly useful.

Ornamental grasses are not much grown in Australia, but are regarded very highly in other countries. The lovely native wallaby grasses dye particularly well if cut just before they ripen. They should be tied into bunches and dried by suspending from a rafter in the tool-shed.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

MAKE YOUR FIGURE CONTRADICT YOUR AGE LOOK AT THIS FIGURE!

Absolutely perfect but for one defect: Over-large hips. It is, however, a defect I have corrected in hundreds of women.

Examine your figure honestly. If you have any defects spoiling an otherwise attractive contour write to me. I can help you. Send the details of your figure problems to me and if you wish I will prescribe a special course for your particular body defect.

I CAN MAKE YOUR FIGURE PERFECT

Write to-day for weight and measurement chart, giving particulars of your age and height, and enclose 4/6. In stamps for cost of mailing you in return.

T. A. LANGRIDGE
LANGRIDGE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
278 George St., Sydney
Telephone: B 7719



PHYSICAL CULTURE

RELIEVE COLDS FASTER

... and stretch your VapoRub, too!



For most colds, of course, a rub with VapoRub quickly clears stuffy nose, soothes sore throat, calms coughing and eases chest tightness.

But sometimes there's an extra severe chest cold or a bad cough. And that's the time to use VapoRub in special ways to get the most effective relief.

You save VapoRub, too, for by relieving that cold or cough quicker, you need fewer applications of VapoRub.

More Relief from Chest Colds: When just rubbed on, VapoRub's poultice action warms away chest tightness. But for increased poultice action, to loosen congestion and relieve pain more quickly, reddens the skin on chest and back with two-minute applications of hot, moist towels. Then dry and rub VapoRub on throat, chest, and back as usual.

More Relief from Coughing Colds: You know how the vapours from VapoRub clear stuffy head, soothe irritation and relieve coughing. When there's a bad cough or a badly stuffed nose, you can get these vapours in concentrated form by melting a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhaling the medicated vapours deep into the air-passages. At bedtime, rub VapoRub on throat, chest, and back for its combined vapour-and-poultice action.



VICKS VAPORUB

A STANDBY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM COLDS.



The evening that went wrong for Sally

All week she'd looked forward to the dance. But when it came, how different from the evening she'd pictured! "B.O." cut her off from her hopes of happiness.

You never know, yourself, about "B.O.". It may shatter your dreams completely... unless you take the precaution of a daily Lifebuoy bath. That's the soap with the famous health element that guards personal freshness. And what mildness! Gentle enough for a baby's skin.

"B.O." cut her out



W.124.1



NEXT DAY



...surely you don't still
SCRUB clothes these days!



WELL, SEEING IS BELIEVING! SUCH THICK, RICH SUDS! THE WHITES ARE ABSOLUTELY SNOWY YET I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH BAR SOAP. RINSO'S GOING TO MAKE MY THINGS LAST LONGER, TOO, I CAN SEE.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.127.1

Play Safe IN CHOOSING YOUR PERSONAL ANTISEPTIC

CHOOSE your personal antiseptic with care, for you are staking your health on its effectiveness. Listerine Antiseptic has been proved over the years and its world-wide popularity testifies to its value. It is fatal to germs and yet does not irritate or destroy tender tissues. It is in no way poisonous and is pleasant to use. For cuts, scratches, burns, sore throat and a thousand other general purposes, use Listerine—the safe antiseptic.

Obtainable in three sizes:
1/6, 3/-, 5/9.

LISTERINE THE safe ANTISEPTIC

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to
DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,
271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 76822.



Left-overs IN PARTY DRESS!



You've seen a conjuror throw a procession of bits-and-pieces into a top hat and produce a hot dinner on a plate. YOU can do that sort of thing with an Agee Pyrex casserole. The only difference is that, with Pyrex cooking, you require neither special skill nor the ability to "deceive." The meal you can prepare from "left-overs" if you cook the Pyrex way is a genuine, nutritious, balanced meal—because Agee Pyrex enables every ounce of nutriment to be extracted from meat and vegetables alike. Nothing is wasted; nothing is boiled away; you get more food-value per coupon.

If your kitchen is Pyrex-equipped you have no "left-over" problems... you can serve the bits-and-pieces in delightful party dress... piping hot, delicious, stamina-building, economical. Try it!

AGEE PYREX
MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the Fighting Forces.

Here's a swift-knit!

• "Rhoda," the slenderising cardigan illustrated right, has been designed for the not-so-slim. See it in color on page 32.

MATERIALS: 10 skeins "Wilga" or "Sunbeam" blanket wool, shade No. 2205 (emerald); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 8 and 6; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; bust, 40-42in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; m, make.

Tension: 4 sts., 1in.; 6 rows, 1in.

THE BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 61 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows for 31in. Change to No. 6 needles.

1st Row: P 2, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 3, repeat from * to last 4 sts., k 1, m 1, k 1, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

3rd Row: P 2, * sl. 1, k 2, then p.s.s.o. the k 2, p 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2, then p.s.s.o. the k 2, p 2.

4th Row: K 2, * p 2, k 3, repeat from * to last 4 sts., p 2, k 2.

Repeat the last 4 rows and increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 77 sts. When work measures 14in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 8in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 41 sts.

Work as follows, working 1st row into back of sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 18 times, moss-st. 5.

2nd Row: Moss-st. 5 (k 1, p 1) 18 times.

Repeat the last 2 rows for 31in. Change to No. 6 needles.

Next Row: Work 36 sts. in pattern, moss-st. 5.

Next Row: Moss-st. 5, work 36 sts. in pattern.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 5 border sts. in moss-st. and increase 1 st. at side seam edge every 6th row until increased to 49 sts. When work measures 14in. cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge, work to last 7 sts., p 2 tog., moss-st. 5.

Continue to decrease 1 st. at centre front edge (inside border) every 3rd row, and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue to decrease at centre front every 3rd row until decreased to 23 sts. When armhole measures 8in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work remaining 5 sts. in moss-st. for 21in. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working each row from the end to the beginning and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from lower edge and 6 more 11in. apart.

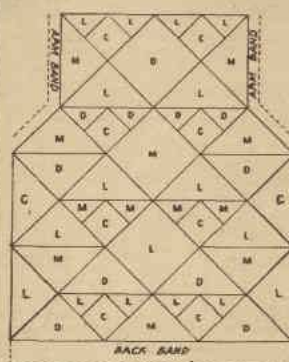
Continued on page 37



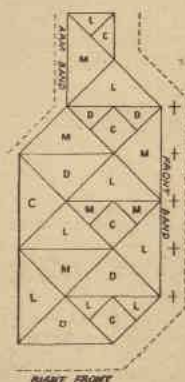
THIS IS "RHODA," cosy cardigan for midwinter wear.

Gay patchwork jacket

Continued from page 32



THESE DIAGRAMS show you how to put the patchwork jacket together. Letters serve as key to colors (see page 32) or any other combination.



Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to end. Repeat last row till 3 sts. remain. K 3 tog.; fasten off, leaving an end as before.

Small triangle: Work as for large triangle, increase to 19 sts. instead of 36. **Small diamond:** As for small triangle (19 sts.).

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to end. Repeat last row to 3 sts., k 3 tog. Fasten off as before.

Join pieces as they are made. Press lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew together side and shoulder seams.

Armbands: With D, cast on 2 sts. Increase once in first st., k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Increase once in 1st st., knit to end. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows to 7 sts. on needle. Continue in garter-stitch until work is long enough to go round armhole to within 1 1/2 in. of end. Shape other end to correspond, decrease instead of increase. Sew armband round armhole with shaped side to armhole edge.

Front band: With D, cast on 9 sts. Knit in garter-stitch of sufficient length to sew from right side seam to beginning of straight edge of front. Work 1st buttonhole: K 2, sl. fwd., k 2 tog., knit to end. Work four more buttonholes approximately 2 1/2 in. apart, in right front, then continue in garter-stitch until piece is long enough to sew all round fronts, back of neck and lower edge. Sew in position.

"Helga" lovely contrast jumper

Continued from page 32

Continue to work 2 more sts. in turquoise every 6th row until there are 4 br., 82 t., 4 br., and armholes measure 7in. Shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and br. wool, cast on 72 sts. Work in st-st. for 2in., then increase 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 8in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off. Make lin. hem along lower edge.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and br. wool, cast on 48 sts. Work in st-st. for 4in., then increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 20in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off. Make lin. hem along lower edge.

BELT

Using br. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 14 sts. Work in st-st. for 12in., change to t. wool and continue in st-st. for 5in., change to br. wool and continue in st-st. for 12in., then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Leave open.

Soon -

the happy day
will dawn when
there will be enough
'Viyella' & 'Clydella'
for Every Baby.



WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., BOX 3335 PP., G.P.O., SYDNEY

Give our mothers a chance

● No one woman should be compelled to act as housemaid-cook, nurse, delivery boy—wife and companion, too.

By MEDICO

"I BELIEVE that the child should be brought up at its mother's knee. My mother didn't have all these kindergartens and things to pack her child off to for the day."

This was Mrs. Jones' reaction to my advice to her married daughter to send her child to a kindergarten.

Mrs. Jones' mother certainly didn't have a kindergarten to help her with her children. But she had a cook, and perhaps a housemaid. She might even have had a nursemaid to look after her children.

And what a menace to the mental health of the child that nursemaid could be! Policemen, doctors, or black men were made into bogies to frighten the child into obedience. The child's natural desire to be doing was met by the nursemaid's cry of "Don't do that!"

But nursemaid or no nursemaid, Mrs. Jones' mother lived in a different world from that of to-day, a world where women's work was never done, a world which said that woman's place was in the home. That world is as much a thing of

the past as the stage coach or the ten petticoats.

Women to-day are in the professions, business, industries, and the Services. Whether that is good or bad is beside the point. These occupations are here to stay.

Women are not as well trained in homecraft as they were when Mrs. Jones was a girl. The birthrate is falling. The home is threatened. How can we save it? One solution is to strengthen the home with community services.

The kindergarten is one of these. It adds to the mother's loving care and strengthens it. It provides a child's garden where the child can grow and blossom. It is a place where happiness is the natural result of wise care and freedom to develop. It can guide the mother, too—she is always welcome to see the new ways of mother-care.

The kindergarten is a vastly superior replacement of the ignorant nursemaid.

Homes, if obtainable, don't have the nurseries and gardens with swings that Mrs. Jones' mother had. The "mother's knee" usually becomes the kitchen or wash-house floor.

We are asking too much of the

mother of to-day—housemaid, cook, nurse, and delivery boy... oh, and wife and companion, too. Her rightful protest takes the wrongful form of a falling birthrate. The home of to-day needs the help of modern community services—the baby clinic, the nursery school, the kindergarten, the area school, the community kitchen or dining-room, the community laundry, and the playing ground.

We need homes—plus these community services—to safeguard the future citizens of Australia.

Here's a swift-knit!

Continued from page 36

Buttonholes:—1st Row: Moss-st. 3, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., moss-st. 3.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 36 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 6 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 66 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work 18 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves around top of armholes, and sew in shoulder pads. Join borders at back of neck. Sew buttons on left front.

Mentmore

CLEAN YOUR PEN WITH WARM WATER FREQUENTLY

Made in England; Moderately priced; Limited supplies for even distribution

Gold nib; Iridium point

Mentmore SUPREME
Mentmore DIPLOMA

To Women in Middle Life!

RELIEF FROM HOT FLASHES, NERVOUS DISORDERS, SENSATIONS OF HOT AND COLD, BILLY SPILLS, INSOMNIA, BACK-ACHE, RHEUMATIC AND JOINT PAINS. Blessed relief from the condition which mars the existence of so many women at the critical middle period of a woman's life can now be had... thanks to modern medical research.

During recent years women all over Australia have been successfully treated by post by the M. & S. Research Laboratory. The results reported are a message of hope to women everywhere... a grand feeling of general well-being when formerly almost unable to leave the house. The M. & S. Research Laboratory has published a booklet about this treatment. Write, call, or phone MA2681, and it will be sent to you free, together with a clinical chart, in which you record your symptoms so that you can be advised if the treatment can assist YOU.

Or if you wish, send 12/6 for trial course of treatment.

Our Clinical Advisory Service is Free and Without Obligation.

M. & S. Research Laboratory
M.U.I.O.F. Bldg., 185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

MARK

recalled that Swan was the unattached guest at Skirvin's party the night before.

"When the all-clear sounded," Murphy said, "the party broke up. Swan went out to his car and drove home. He says he made a fast turn off Tenth Street on to Birch, and heard a clang as if he'd dropped a bumper bolt or hub cap. So he stopped and looked over his wheels and bumpers. Nothing seemed to be missing, so he drove on home."

"Tenth and Birch? Isn't that where you found the empty box?"

Murphy nodded. "It could have been off Rowan's car."

"Does Skirvin think I put it there?"

The Blackout Murder

Continued from page 23

"Skirvin's case," Murphy said with a deprecatory shrug, "is that you went in about 9.10 and found Sallee with a box of money, or pearls, or something. You're an underpaid bank teller with three kids, and you've had a tough time making ends meet. So you knocked Sallee over and grabbed the box."

"But the lighted room," Mark argued, "proves it happened before 8.58."

"Not necessarily. Maybe Sallee didn't hear the siren. Anyway, Skirvin says we have only your word that the house was lighted."

"But I telephoned the police!"

"You were forced to, Skirvin says,

because Gorson smoking a cigarette on his front porch might have seen you go in. Skirvin thinks you took the money out of the box and hid it in some temporary cache, like a bush. Then you got rid of the empty box by stowing it loosely between the rear bumper and gas tank of a car parked at the Gorson kerb. The box was sure to fall off at the first bump or high-speed curve."

Mark grinned wryly. "And I suppose Skirvin claims I transferred the loot, at the first opportunity, to some permanent cache? How does he explain this?" Mark touched the bump on his head.

"He says you could have run into something."

"So that's Skirvin's case. Is it yours, too, Sergeant?"

Murphy puffed his cigar. "No, I haven't figured one yet."

"Thanks," Mark said. "What did you want to see me about?"

"About the assault in that garage. The man didn't want to kill you, because he left you alive. So it leaves him only one other motive."

"What?"

"He wanted to take something away from you. He didn't dare jump on you out on the front walk, where he might be seen. But he knew you were looking for lights. By turning a light on in a garage he could lure you in there. Then he could sock you and take what he wanted."

"But he didn't take anything!" Mark protested.

"Are you sure?"

"I went through all my pockets, and didn't miss a thing."

"Go through them again."

Mark did, even checking every card in his wallet. Nothing was missing.

It disappointed Murphy. He tossed away his cigar. "Keep looking for something you ought to have and haven't," he insisted. "Check every button. Ask your boys just what you were wearing when the siren rang."

Mark walked to the car with him. "Give my love to Skirvin," he said.

Murphy grinned. "Skirvin," he explained, "plans to run for sheriff. The 'Trumpet's' backing him. If Skirvin cracks this case the publicity might elect him. That's why the 'Trumpet's' giving it a big play."

In the morning, Sallee's murder was again featured on the "Trumpet's" front page. Clagle's editorial comment reeked with innuendo besmirching Mark Conger, and giving full credit to Detective Skirvin.

At the bank, Mark's good-morning again drew only a sour grunt from Frost.

Please turn to page 39



10,000 WOMEN ARE TELLING YOU...

More than 10,000 women all over America were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess. Three out of every four voted Modess softer.

If you, too, are using another napkin, this verdict ought to startle you into trying Modess. Take a tip from these women. Get Modess next time you buy napkins.

3 out of every 4 voted...

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS
softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrushes and Meds.

SPECIAL NOTE. Modess production is dependent on raw materials from overseas. As such supplies are often delayed, it is likely that at times you may not be able to get Modess. We assure you that such shortages are not the fault of chemist or store, but due to uncontrollable war conditions.

Tek TOOTHBRUSH

Tek, a quality product of Johnson & Johnson, is designed for longer active life. When you need a toothbrush, insist on Tek.



NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES...

if you suffer from SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM,

FAILING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAIN, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES, or any other eye weakness (except Diseased Eyes), you owe it to yourself to investigate Ferguson Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles.

Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 75 have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include ladies about to enter the Air Force, Sailors, and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life, and all callings... people whose careers and livings depend upon their eyes.

No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "that's me!" call or write (enclosing 2/6d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is free), to Ferguson Eyesight Training, 6th Floor Manchester Unity Building 185a Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA5455.



HERE you see two sturdy children eating an appetising wholesome cake. It looks APPETISING because it was baked with self-raising flour or baking powder prepared with "A&W" Phosphate Aerator. It is WHOLESOME because of the food value of phosphates . . . "Muscle is a phosphate engine" . . . hence the sturdy children.

"A&W" Phosphate Aerator is definitely superior to all old-fashioned aerators. It gives perfect "raising" and adds nutritional value to your cooking. When you buy self-raising flour or baking powder look for the "A&W" Seal on the packet—your guarantee of better baking and body building phosphates.

Muscle is a PHOSPHATE engine.
One reason why children at play appear so attractive is that they are unaware how graceful are their actions. The muscles which move the limbs do so with an ease which seems effortless for they have a big margin of power well ahead of the tasks which the light weight of the child's body imposes. Few people realise that the muscles they call upon to support and move the body and carry out mechanical labour are engines of amazing efficiency. The secret of the muscle's efficiency is a very rapid breakdown, almost an explosion, of a substance called adenosine phosphate; when this occurs another substance, creatine phosphate comes into action and reconstitutes the adenosine phosphate rather like the "self-cocking" in an automatic pistol. The boy who proudly displays his bunched biceps is really asking us to admire a phosphate engine. That he should have phosphate in his food to build this up and keep it going is self-evident.

Specially written by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.Sc., F.A.C.S.



A&W PHOSPHATES

mean: BETTER BAKING — BETTER FOOD VALUE — at No Extra Cost!



Product of ALBRIGHT & WILSON (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Distributed by
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

HELSBOURNE SYDNEY BRISBANE
Elder, Smith & Co., Limited, Adelaide & Perth Chemical and Textile Agencies Pty. Ltd., Launceston

A Phosphate Aerator describes the ingredient in 'Self-Raising Flour and Baking Powder' which makes your baking "rise." "A&W" Phosphate Aerator is better than other rising agents because it has superior self-raising qualities.

The Blackout Murder

Continued from page 37

At the Coroner's inquest next day, all witnesses were assembled, and the questioning was more or less formal.

Mark told his story just as he had given it to the police. Wesley Hallam testified about looking from a window at 9.30 and seeing a man washing his hands at a hydrant. Miss Ada Clemson told about the backyard encounter. And Jake Purdy explained about returning the hedge shears at eight o'clock.

The Coroner asked Mark: "Why did you go out the back way?"

"A slight noise drew me to the kitchen. But it was only a cat. So I turned off the kitchen light and went out by the kitchen door."

"Skirvin's harsh voice broke in. 'There was no cat in the kitchen.'"

"It all went like that. Leaving, Sergeant Murphy linked his arm in Mark's."

"Remember what I said, Conger. Keep checking yourself until you find out what the man took away from you in Mayfield's garage."

Mark went home and put on the exact garments he had worn in the blackout. He hung a warden's whistle round his neck, put a pad of report forms in his pocket. He put a wrench in the other pocket and took his blue-lens flashlight in hand. Then he called his three boys.

"What did I have in the blackout that I haven't now?"

The boys looked him over and couldn't suggest a thing.

Mark remembered reading that women, as to details of dress and appearance, are more observing than men. So he strolled over to 1918 Maple Street to see Miss Ada Clemson.

"I wish you'd look me over," he invited with a self-conscious smile.

"I'm supposed to be rigged out just like I was when you met me in Sallee's backyard. Remember?"

She gave a slight shiver. "How can I forget, Mr. Conger? Looming in the dark with that wrench, you gave me an awful fright. Then you flashed your flashlight right in my eyes."

"Only one brief wink of soft blue light," Mark said.

"But it wasn't blue," Miss Clemson protested. "It was yellow—a bright yellow flash."

A tension gripped Mark. He flashed his blue-lens torch at the woman. "You mean I did not have a light like this one?"

"You certainly didn't. You had just an ordinary flashlight like I keep in my own house."

"May I use your phone, please?"

In a minute Mark had Sergeant Murphy on the line. "I've just found out what that fellow socked me for, Sergeant."

"Where are you?"

When Mark told him, Murphy said, "I'll be right out. Meet me in Sallee's backyard."

Mark crossed the alley to Sallee's backyard. He was waiting on a garden bench there when Murphy appeared. "What is it?" the bulky sergeant asked hopefully.

"When I went in by Sallee's front door," Mark said, "I had a blue flashlight. When I went out by the back door, I had a yellow flashlight, but was too upset to notice it. I only used it for one quick wink at Miss Clemson. And when I got home that night I again had a blue flash."

Murphy whistled. "So that's it!" he exclaimed. "The killer and you traded flashlights. Then the killer had to trade back—before the flashlight in your hands could be identified as his own."

"So he lured me into the garage," Mark agreed, "and socked me. Then he simply took his flashlight from my pocket and gave me back my own."

"I was just starting out here when you called me," Murphy said. "Today I went over all the testimony and it tipped me to a slant that needs checking."

The sergeant walked a few steps to a hydrant near the south hedge. He knelt by it, as though washing his hands. "Hallam said he saw you doing this from this window about 9.30. Right?"

"Right. And he told the truth because I actually was kneeling there washing my hands at 9.30."

"Come to it again," Murphy suggested.

Mark dropped on one knee by the hydrant.

Murphy asked, "Can you see any ground floor window of Hallam's house?"

"No. I'm too near this high hedge."

"Can you see any second story window?"

"No. The hedge only lets me see one window in Hallam's house. The attic window."

"So Hallam saw you from his attic window. Why would a white-clad gentleman go to a dusty attic in the middle of a blackout?"

They sat down on the bench again and Murphy trimmed a cigar. "But Hallam has an alibi till 8.58," Mark said.

Murphy frowned. "The killer had a flashlight, you say. In that case I think he came over to kill Sallee after the blackout."

"You're building a case against Hallam?"

Murphy puffed his cigar. "It could fit almost any other neighbor as well as Hallam. Let's say that Sallee found an old rusty box with C.K. on it and assumed it was buried by Kincaid. Not being acquisitive, Sallee's first thought was to hand it over to Kincaid's heirs, if any. So he called in a neighbor who knew Kincaid, showed him the box, and asked about Kincaid heirs."

"The neighbor—call him Hallam—wanted to see what was in the box. He persuaded Sallee to open it. When they found some fascinating treasure in it, Hallam went home with his fingers itching."

"That," Mark suggested, "must have been about sundown."

"At 8.58 comes a blackout, and Hallam turns out his lights. He sees lights go out at Sallee's next door. He pictures the old professor alone in the dark over there, huddled over a treasure. An easy set-up for anyone with nerve enough to knock him over."

"Or maybe you mean Purdy or Dixon," Mark said.

"So at 8.59 he takes a gun and a flashlight. He needs a flashlight on account of the blackout. He goes in by the back door, and cracks down on Sallee with the gun barrel. He picks up the loot box, then a beautiful idea hits him. If he turns on the lights it will look as though the crime occurred before 8.58. So Hallam turns on the study light. With the light on he doesn't need his own flashlight, and forgets he laid it down to pick up the loot."

"He goes out through the kitchen, turning on the light there for good measure. Outside he empties the initialed box, and gets rid of it. Then home to hide the loot."

When suddenly he realised he left his flash in Sallee's study."

"Let me carry on," Mark broke in. "At that point I entered Sallee's study and found him dead. I had a flashlight in my hand, but I must have laid it down to carry Sallee's body to the couch. I switched off the light and telephoned. Then I groped on the table for a flashlight, and went out—with the wrong one."

"And Hallam," Murphy said, "misses his flashlight and goes back to Sallee's for it. He re-enters Sallee's house by the kitchen door, gropes forward to the study, picks up a flashlight in the dark. Cat leaves kitchen by the door he left open. Hallam closes the door as he slips out, and goes home via the hedge gate. Then he discovers he has a blue flashlight—the air-warden's—and walks on burning needles till he re-exchanges by knocking you out in the garage."

"EXCEPT for the attic window angle," Mark thought, "the same case might fit almost any other neighbor."

"So let's inspect Hallam's attic," Murphy said.

Twilight was deepening as they knocked at Hallam's front door.

Hallam admitted them. "We're working on an angle," Murphy said with a dearming smile.

"At your service," Hallam said.

"The roof pitch," Murphy said. "How do we get up to the attic?"

Mark thought he saw Hallam stiffen. Murphy didn't wait for an answer, but started lumbering upstairs. "The attic?" Hallam questioned. "I don't get it." He followed Murphy to the second floor. Mark went with them.

From there narrow steps could be seen ascending to an unfinished attic. Murphy punched a light switch and a light came on up there. Then Murphy went up the steps, puffing, his broad frame almost filling the narrow stair space.

Hallam and Mark went up after him and Mark saw a long, prism-shaped area with a dormer window at each end. There was no ceiling except the sloping underside of shingled sheeting. A plain pine floor was dusty, and cobwebs hung from rafters. At one end were a few trunks and packing boxes. The only light came from a single electric globe hanging from a cord at the centre.

One would come up here, Mark thought, only to store or unstore something.

Murphy immediately began searching through trunks and boxes. Mark saw a flush overspread Hallam's face. It could be either guilt or humiliation; all the man said was, "You've got a nerve, Murphy."

"A cop needs it," Murphy answered genially, and continued his brisk searching. Trunk after trunk. Box after box. Outside the last grey of light faded.

For almost an hour Mark watched the thorough, patient searching of Murphy and the flushed tension of Hallam. The attic was like an oven. Murphy mopped sweat from his face as he finished the last trunk. "I must've got the wrong angle," he said with a deep-creased smile.

Hallam relaxed. Mark said quickly, "By the way, Hallam, I want to compliment you on your incendiary bomb precautions. I see you've followed my instructions to the letter."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I instructed all Elm-streeters to get two small tubs of dry sand, one for ground floor and one for the attic," Mark motioned toward a tub filled with sand.

His eyes met Murphy's, and Murphy took the hint. "Hope you're keeping this sand dry, Hallam," Murphy said. He stooped

to thrust an arm wrist-deep into the sand, as though testing its dryness.

Then a grinness froze his face and Mark knew that his exploring fingers had touched something.

"It fits the pattern, Hallam," Murphy said. "You wonder where you'd better hide the loot—and the blackout reminds you of dry sand in the attic. Sand is as handy for hiding loot as for putting out fire-bombs."

Murphy's hand came out, pulling a small canvas bag from the sand. He stood up.

Mark caught the flash of pearls and the dull yellow of old gold coins. Also, there was an odd item which seemed to be the hilt of a jewelled Malay dagger.

For a moment the glitter held Mark's eyes. Then Hallam's voice came, pitched desperately: "I won't let you take me. Put your hands up, both of you."

Hallam was aiming a gun. Mark heard his hammer go to cock. "Put your hands up!" he repeated frantically. The gun was aimed at Murphy's heart.

Murphy dropped the loot. His hands went up. "Better do what he says, Conger," he advised.

Mark raised his hands.

And Murphy's upraised left hand closed over the hanging light bulb. He jerked and the attic went dark.

A flash of flame stabbed toward Murphy; an answering flash streaked toward Hallam. Mark heard a board creak as one of them manoeuvred for position. Then a second flash came from Hallam and two quick flashes answered. Mark heard a cry and a fall.

Murphy's voice came from the darkness: "Hope you're not hit, Mark."

Mark struck a match. The flicker showed Hallam face down on the dusty floor.

"Consistent case all the way," Murphy murmured. "It was even a blackout showdown."

(Copyright)

Soothes Skin irritations



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chasebrough Manufacturing Company.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because it can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart. Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, falling memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to relieve aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 60 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/3 (15-day) flask of 30, from your nearest chemist or store 10-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

"I can do with less if it's
Kaysen because I depend
on the quality of
Kaysen hosiery.
and buy
war
bonds



HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

COUGHS & COLDS are responsible for more "ABSENTEEISM" than any other "minor" ailment.

GET TO WORK WITH...
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Keep on buying War Savings Certificates and 5/- National Savings Stamps.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. PTY. LTD.
GEELONG & SYDNEY.



Relieve that
COLD or
sore throat
with—



BAYER'S
ASPIRIN

BOTTLE OF 24, 1/3
BOTTLE OF 100, 4



EVAN
WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO

Keeps the hair
young.

Pears
THE SOAP FOR BABY



SKYWAYS

Australia's HIGHWAYS



7,352,815 miles FLOWN BY CIVIL AIRLINES DURING YEAR ENDING SEPT. 1943

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL

AIRWAYS PTY. LTD.

4,062,520 miles

QUINER AIRWAYS LTD.

1,175,674 miles

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.

966,453 miles

MACROBERTSON-MILLER

AVIATION CO. LTD.

446,179 miles

BUTLER AIR TRANSPORT CO.

275,233 miles

AIRLINES (W.A.) LTD.

154,866 miles

AIRCRAFTS PROPRIETARY LTD.

105,422 miles

ANGETT AIRWAYS LTD.

97,532 miles

CONNELLAN AIRWAYS

78,936 miles



UNIT EQUALS 500,000
AIR MILES

Australia's total of 7,352,815 miles flown by civil airliners during the year ending September, 1943 demonstrates conclusively the huge part that civil aviation is playing in the development of the Nation's transportation system.

This swing to air transport is but an indication of the magnitude of the air traffic which will be required to co-ordinate the commercial, industrial and social activities of the nation when peace is won. It is merely the prelude to Australia's great and far-reaching future in the skyways.

FOR PEACE ON EARTH — AND IN THE AIR — BUY WAR BONDS